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SPRING 1976
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Kodak Carousel custom H projectors
More than a pretty face.

Prices are subject to change without notice.



LETTERS

CHEER

Harvey Fondiller's *Magnum* article was positively brilliant—a bang-up scholarly job. Best piece you ever ran.

Fred W. McDarrah
New York, N.Y.

JEER

In dramatizing the death of Robert Capa for the article, *Magnum*, H. Fondiller has undignified the whole account into soap opera (or corn, or something of less impact) by focusing on that wicked, infamous whore—Lady Luck! Well, come on now, from two points of view that is pretty detrimental: triteness does not become drama, nor does chauvinism become any person or thing. Who or what the hell is Lady Luck, or what is a whore, that she somehow ties in with the death of Capa? A whore, as I understand it, is someone who goes to bed with someone not married to her (a whore can only be female, so far), maybe or not for money—so what? Did someone say to Capa, "Make love, not war," and so cause his demise? It's a pretty thin personification, Mr. Fondiller, and I might add that you prostituted your talents by sticking it in there. Or, even, that you have pimped the article off on us, or at least pimped this paragraph. It is an interesting article, though, or at least the subject is interesting.

Now a personal word to Michael Edelson for his review of *Growing Up Female* by Abigail Heyman. Thou dost protest too much; if you are male and the pictures don't turn you on because they lack impact, don't take up the whole space worrying that your review might seem invalid because of your sex—don't be defensive; except among good friends, that's offensive. Just speak up from the only point of view you own. If you think Ms. Heyman is pimping the public with her book, say so. The last two paragraphs of your review carried the meat, the point. Well done, last two paragraphs.

In fact, as a whole this issue was a pleasure to me—lotta pictures, lotta reviews, lotta solid technical, and a different (from a photo mag standpoint) article by Mr. Fondiller. I especially enjoyed the *Igor Bakht*, *Master Printer* piece; I hate darkroom work, and since I have to get

down to reprinting my whole portfolio, I needed an inspiration. I need Igor Bakht!!! But I'm not rich and famous, yet, just, in my own way, rather infamous around here. And poor. Oh, well.

Peg Tucker
St. Charles, Mo.

Fondiller replies: *Soldiers and others in hazardous occupations often trust a lucky charm (rabbit's foot, photo, religious belief, etc.) to get them home safely. If and when their talisman (sorry—talisman) betrays them, they are understandably bitter. Lady Luck (often invoked by gamblers like Capa) sometimes turns out to be a tramp—in this case, a female tramp. Can you think of a better word for that than the one I used?*

CHEER

I have just finished reading, from cover to cover, the Winter 1976 issue of 35-MM PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photography, to me, has always been an art and your magazine has proven this point beyond a doubt. I could not believe that it was possible to purchase an absolutely superb piece of literature. Most magazines I look at never leave the bookstore because of their boring, repetitious articles. Not yours, though. Every word in every article was soaked up like water in the desert. Please don't take my praise lightly because this is the first time that I have ever laid down my camera and picked up a pen to write to a magazine or newspaper. I've a lady down in Clearwater Beach who gets fewer words than this.

So few magazines, if you don't mind me putting you in such a category, ever touch or move me the way yours has. For example, the *Esme* article had me in tears; even *Love Story* couldn't do that. The *Magnum* story was fantastic; very little have I heard of the organization, so until now I was unaware of the impact they have had on the world. It's no wonder they took the name *Magnum*.

I could name everything in your magazine and it would all come out the same. It is a beautiful and dynamic magazine. Please keep it that way.

Michael Lancial
Des Moines, Iowa

JEER

In response to your overwhelmingly neg-

ative review of *Telegraph 3 A.M.* in the Winter issue of 35-MM PHOTOGRAPHY I would like to respond to several (of Michael Edelson's) points.

Although negative reviews are never pleasant, I can easily accept that you don't "like" the book and find the images "overwhelmingly boring." You are entitled! However, what I don't appreciate is the condescending and pompous attitude, the self-indulgence in rhetoric, the hypocrisy of your own position, not to mention your ridiculous presumption about why N.E.A. [National Endowment for the Arts] deemed the project worthy of a grant.

Your allusion to "Roman Aristocracy," especially in your position as critic, which is by nature parasitical of artists, is far more befitting to your role of sitting back and "observing the arena." You easily sit back and judge the morals and responsibilities of others while you participate, even profit, from a slick, pseudo-photographic, not to mention sexist and capitalistic enterprise.

I agree, 5 percent of the profits from the book seems like a token to give back to the street people. How much of the salary you earn do you return to the artists you rip off or exonerate? I would also like you to examine how much the artist makes from the publication of a book. Usually 7 to 8 percent for a first book! As a self publishing venture, I will undoubtedly not make a penny. Nor was any real profit foreseen from the outset.

Why the expense of the book then? If an author wanted to make money, a large quantity of inexpensive books would be far more profitable than a small number of expensive books. Before the book was made, the choice had to be made between love and money. In order to make the images withhold (sic) their original impact, fine paper and fine printing were deemed necessary; in order to make the book last for future generations, hardbound and fine binding methods were deemed necessary. And so forth. Hence the expense.

When considering public availability, we determined that librarians would tend to obtain hardbound and well made books for their lasting qualities and thereby offset lack of public availability in stores by providing free and nondiscriminating perusal by anyone.

By all means, however, my main concern with the review is your painfully obvious lack of experience or knowledge of the "street people." There have been many changes since the joyous flower children era of the '60s. That was a dis-

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No Room at the Inn

In search of images, ideas—and a bed—at the Festival d'Arles

By WILLIAM MESSER

The 15:00 from London's Victoria Station is supposed to arrive in Arles, France, at 10 something the following morning—one change on and off the Channel ferry and you should awake eager and refreshed in the heart of Provence, sunshine, and festivals. In reality one is up all night, changing trains three times between midnight and 5 a.m., unable to eat or drink anything because of the amazing confusion in the stations and the bodies crammed in car corridors making it impossible to move from one to another to find the club car, unable to merely find a seat on some trains because the bodies continue to pour in, even through the windows. You can try sleeping on the floor or standing and never discover the couchette (sleeping compartment) next to you has been empty all night, though inexplicably kept locked. The only occasionally discernible sounds of English, which you follow for clarity as light in a tunnel, are found in the voices of equally confused Dutch, Swiss, or Swedish passengers. It's vacation time for the French and festival time in Provence; that, coupled with a summertime influx of tourists from everywhere else and an unbelievable lack of information or willingness to impart it among French rail personnel, creates a mess of epic proportions. Somehow, wondrously, Arles is reached before noon and the last train is gratefully left to convey its clatter to Marseilles.

It is mid-July and Arles is being conspicuously consumed by the Festival

d'Arles, a three-week orgy of studying, socializing and performing, involving classic and flamenco guitar, folklore, opera, and, in no small measure, Lucien Clergue's spectacular Sixth International Meeting of Photography, with participation by some of the finest practitioners of their arts in the world.

Lucien Clergue is the French

photographer whom you may know of as a sculptor of dynamic and sensuous nudes; pulchritudinal mountain-landscapes, voluptuous arboretums, and viscerally viscous beaches where water and flesh willingly engage. Conversely, one may see him as the image-maker who has done so much to perpetrate an image of women as faceless still life assemblages of sexual objects, ripe fruits for vicarious visual gluttony (and consequent feminist indigestion). I have, over the years, related to him (through the work) as both these personages; but to see him in Arles this summer was to see more broadly a lover of and advocate for the medium; host, hustler, entrepreneur, benefactor, even student. Clergue is a recognizable romantic and the Rencontres Internationales de la Photographie his showpiece-baby—spirited and sparkling, with a life all its own, but never long out of his sight, tied and dependent largely upon his energies and commitment.

This year the Rencontres drew more than 180 students for the workshops to mingle with an international entourage of photographers, gallery directors, and representatives from other photographic and cultural institutions, journalists both from photography publications and the general press, and an undetermined number of other related individuals including, toward the end, the workshop models. Considering that the number of students alone had nearly tripled since the previous year, the organizers had

Photograph by Jim Colman



William Messer, 27, is an itinerant photographer whose home base is New York City. He has published and exhibited here and abroad.



"Home away from home away from home the third night."

quite a job to keep everything running smoothly. They were not always successful.

I came down at the approximate midpoint of the Festival: the portrait workshop was concluding, the second workshop was three days old, only two soirées had been presented, and the *colloques* were about to begin. It seemed a good point to join and stay for perhaps a week. A few days before leaving London I telephoned the photography office and spoke, via a bilingual American who happened to be near the phone, with organizational director Bernard Perrine. Perrine advised coming right down, offered several multi-hundred-franc price ranges of participation, and warned that hotel rooms were scarce but that something could be found for me. I tried to indicate that financially I needed to be more observer than participant, but that a bed would indeed be welcomed. I left the afternoon of the 15th with crossed

SPRING 1976

**"I found
accommodations that
night in a little
park just outside the
old gates to the city."**

fingers.

After all the hassle of French trains, I wanted most immediately a shower, some sleep, and a place to unpack my cameras, notebooks, and clean clothes—it was to be five days before I would be able to do all these things on one day, in one location.

Initially, there was nothing to do but leave gear at the Festival office and try to catch up on the morning's *colloque*. The subject was "Photography's Actualities in Contemporary Art" and the

panelists included representatives from the French Center for Photography, the French State Department, museums, critics, photographer Yousuf Karsh, and Peter Bunnell of Princeton University, formerly curator of photography at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. A broad spectrum of personal disciplines and individual awarenesses was evident, with discussion sounding anything from rather uninformed to nearly brilliant. A standout for me among the morning's participants was the sensitive, intuitive understanding of the medium as the photographer knows it shown by M. Jean-Claude Lemagny of the Bibliothèque Nationale (France's National Library). One feels both a sense of authority and reverence when Lemagny talks about photography.

By all reports each *colloque* generated a fair amount of serious discussion and even moments of genuine enlightenment and group understanding (though often much of



"Lucien on display for Sue Davies, director of the Photographers' Gallery, London."

what was being said seemed well-worn ground by American photo-educational and art standards generally). A few panelists' remarks were later transcribed and mimeographed (in French only), available through the photography office. By the end of the morning *colloque* it was unmistakably lunchtime.

Attendance at the *colloques* included lunch the three days of their duration; this first day Lucien had chosen to acquaint us with the intriguing, partially crumbling abbey of Montmajour, not far from town. For the purpose a bus was brought up but it could not accommodate everyone, so while a handful of us waited it left amid promises from those inside that it would return.

Arrival at Montmajour was somewhat stunning—not only to see an ancient 60-foot-high banquet hall filled with hundreds of people at 100-foot long tables feasting on paté, red wine, French bread, some kind of chicken and sauce sensation, rice, fresh fruit, and ice cream (I think it was ice cream), but also to realize there was not a single available

"These luncheons are the sort of rabbits-in-hats and cards-up-his-sleeve available to Lucien as a celebrated hometown figure in these parts, and he loves to play them. . . ."

place to sit. After some time, with Lucien roaring, a new table was brought up, places were cleared, more food was served, and some three hours later we emerged into the sunlight decisively late for the afternoon *colloque*—and no bus in sight. This was the first of a series of muck-ups which were to become familiar occurrences; they were to provide a

strong incentive for acquiring "touring-fluency" (the ability to decode and proposition) in French.

The language situation (French/English) appeared to be an area of some difficulty throughout the Rencontres; this despite the fact that all publicity was printed in both languages and indications were that all important activities would be conducted bilingually. The most ambitious attempts at bilinguality were in fact the *colloques*, where from a glass booth containing two men simultaneous translation was effected. Upon entering the auditorium the audience was offered small personal radio receivers from which they could select one of two operative channels depending on language required. Unfortunately, only one of the two gentlemen so encased was effectively up to the necessary optimum levels of translating. There were often long painful periods of earphone silence while the translator mutely struggled for comprehension and grappled with the problem of delivery. The distracting



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drama of the glass booth would finally be ended by the alternate translator abruptly seizing the microphone in an attempt to salvage some of what had been lost; while at his right the first man was visible slumped forward, his hands covering his face. This happened with embarrassing frequency. Compensatingly, the other translator was excellent.

The afternoon *colloques* concerned themselves with galleries and their role in the presenting and/or selling of photographs (galleries will define themselves at almost any point between these poles) and involved most of Europe's successful (and unsuccessful) gallery directors. In three days the panel's membership changed often and many points of view were aired, including those of a fairly vocal audience (though remarks from the floor were seldom translated). Again, few really new ideas seemed to emerge, but the energies and attitudes evidenced struck me as healthy; the participants appeared to be usefully swapping individually held notions and interests, and, in the process, effectively furthering a genuine common ground. Who could ask for more?

I missed supper that evening searching for a hotel room, but I was not about to miss the night's event, which, in addition to the world-renowned portrait photographer Yousuf Karsh, was to be an homage to one of the medium's truly great explorers and masters, Andre Kertész.

Karsh was one of the first photographers whose work I ever saw publicly displayed and its impact was immediately felt, helping to persuade that 10-year old boy to someday become a photographer; since then its force has abated considerably for me though I still respond to a certain virtuosity of handling the materials. Kertész is an extremely rare figure within the medium whose work and influence is so extraordinary that virtually no photographer can have avoided learning something from him.

The presentations began late with Karsh leading off, and though Clergue signaled him to be brief, he seemed to talk forever in French without any translating until I nearly fell off my chair in uncomprehending fatigue. So I left and went to a café for a drink, had two instead and returned to the presentation



"The precise moment of the opening of the champagne."

to find him still talking, another half-hour more. Finally the slides were shown with each subject identified by name—they came off well on the large screen. When Kertész was then introduced he was acknowledged with a standing ovation, gave a rather short talk in French and some English (a few stories), and showed his slides. In his work one can feel history, both of a people and an art, and with Karsh we were given portraits of individuals who shaped that history—a most complete evening's presentation.

Afterward we all went up to the mayor's office in the town hall for a little history-in-progress as Medals of Arles were presented to all the "Master" photographers present for workshops and homages. There was some talk about the new French Center for Photography and, though I never learned all the facts, everyone looked proud.

Following champagne and canapes, we emerged into the brightly lit Place de la République where some embarrassed

concern was expressed over what to do with the friendly, luggage-laden American journalist (me); I ended up in the spare room at the home of the mother of the secretary to the organizational director, Perrine.

Arles is a truly beautiful city so, as I had still to find a hotel, I spent the morning walking through it. There's the Rhône river with the remnants of its ancient bridge, both an ancient theater (which saw use throughout the Festival) and a coliseum, which appears to be in better condition than the one in Rome, several fine museums and homes, and just the space and feel of the city generally with its small winding streets (and at least one hotel on each), public squares, and occasional parks. And there's the light, the best reason of all for a photographer to be in Arles—the beautiful, clear, luminous Mediterranean light.

Having had no luck by lunchtime, I set off to catch the last few bits of the morning's *colloque* and, of course, the lunch-bus following (trying this time for



"Early on loosening up at Montmajour draws abbreviated crowd."

the first one). We were conveyed to a large, low farmhouse somewhere in the Rhône valley, complete with wandering animals, a reflecting pool with diving swallows, and another catered lunch of fresh tomato salad, beef something, mushroom surprise, more wine and more bread, all under lovely old knurled shade trees. These luncheons are the sort of rabbits-in-hats and cards-up-his-sleeve available to Lucien as a well-known, celebrated hometown figure in these parts, and he loves to play them (I didn't mind devouring them).

While the *colloques* had been meeting in one part of town, over at the Maison Pablo Neruda, the workshops had been going on all along, though the socializing and luncheons had a way of eating into them (some students complained they hardly got to see their instructors except at occasional lunches and the evening presentations).

The first workshop had been the portrait workshop, with Hélène Theret, Jean Dieuzalde, and Georges Tourdjman directing. As with all the workshops, it lasted 10 days and was

**"You can't go on
forever bitching about
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what you can get."**

overlapped the final four by the next one. On hand additionally was Karsh, exhibiting work, talking with people, joining official events, and wandering (on occasion at 2 or 3 in the morning when out photographing, I would see him and exchange greetings). I don't know much directly of how well this workshop went, but the people I saw seemed pleased.

The second workshop was of greater interest to me. This one was titled "The New York School" (it was never too

clear why it was called this) and starred Ralph Gibson, Charles Harbutt, and Eva Rubinstein. Rubinstein, however, readily disclaimed affiliation with any school, while Gibson proclaimed belonging to the "School of Hard Knocks" (which Clergue translated for everyone as the "School of Boxing," but Eva helpfully retranslated as "school of a hard life"). It was then left to Harbutt, by default, to assess his photographic identity and boldly announce membership in The New York School. Functioning similarly to the way Karsh did for the portraitists was W. Eugene Smith, also showing work and also visible at the late-night café tables.

That night, my second, was in fact "American Night" and involved a presentation of work by all the "New York School" photographers and a special homage to Gene Smith. Smith showed his recent Minamata work and told the stories of the events surrounding his and his wife Aileen's efforts. Even people who said they had heard many of the same stories before were greatly moved. These evenings are

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public presentations, filled with both those participating in the Festival and many local residents as well. It all takes place in a large open courtyard with the work projected upon a huge screen and the photographer's voice projected from the speakers; save for the noise of an owl somewhere, these were the sole sources of light and sound. I saw Smith shortly afterward in the tabled Place du Forum and it seemed obvious to me he too had enjoyed the evening tremendously.

I found accommodations that night in a little park just outside the old gates to the city. It was locked so I had to climb the fence, but a sign on the front said something about "This is your park—treat it with respect . . ." The scalloped bench proved a passable bed and the fountain provided a place to wash; I respectfully and peacefully slept till dawn. The night was warm and the air smelled sweet; in the morning I would look for more useful lodgings.

The Festival office said they had called every hotel in the city and could find no rooms; even my backup friend-of-a-friend's house in Aix was unavailable. I searched anyway but by then the streets were becoming familiar and the hotels merely repetitious. I managed to get depressed.

Arles, however, is the kind of place that won't let you stay depressed for long and even adversity takes on the eventual romanticism of a Van Gogh self-portrait (another hometown boy), while Lucien the Dealer held just the card to make the change. It was to be a visit to the Camargue, the incredible natural parkland and game preserve with wild white mustang and boar, another catered luncheon served under specially constructed shade-canopies, and an engrossing demonstration by the unique Camargue cowboys of macho herding and branding techniques. Unfortunately, Fate dealt me out. Missing the buses—two left together instead of one making two trips—as did several other people who hoped to catch the second departure, I jumped into a pursuing car which also contained Eva Rubinstein. We lost both buses at a red light and after nearly three hours of driving we gave up, failing to relocate them even after having returned to Arles for the best directions the photography office could provide. I am certain the meal was delicious, or at least filling.

SPRING 1976



"Marie Claire, a model with whom I was a trifle enamoured; chalk this up to camera shake."

You can't go on forever bitching about apparent disorganization—there comes a time to just accept it and get what you can out of what you can get. I began to notice that many people were taking the Rencontres with a more laid-back spirit, more like a summertime "gathering," which is in fact a reasonable translation. A host of folks variously involved with the medium of photography converging upon sunny la belle Arles to talk a little shop, see a buncha snaps, hold a few hands here and there, and so forth: that was pretty much the picture I was getting. And why not; at a time when 50 million French men and women are passionately pursuing the vacation aspects of life, it's festival time in Provence. So when events chanced to introduce me to a charming Swiss tourist whose mid-July chemistry seemed wonderfully compatible with my own, I took the afternoon off to court and spark her up and down the Rhône, through the streets and cafés of Arles. We talked about looking and seeing, made compromising photographs of one another in secluded buildings and

courtyards, and continued my search for a bed, now as a team. Adversity, I thought, must be enjoyed to be appreciated.

Some workshop students also may have found their expectations being altered by a reality requiring a looser attitude. Workshops intended for 36 (plus auditors) contained nearly 60, all forced to find ways to most effectively utilize 10 days, three instructors, one film-loading room, one print darkroom with seven Durst enlargers, and a developing area wherein they had to supply their own tanks, reels, and even thermometers. Each student was issued 10 sheets of Ilford paper as materials (in their choice of contrast). So emphasis was shifted again toward the totality of Rencontres: the close contact with other students and photographers; openly seeing, considering, and discussing their own and each others' work (this they did hungrily); attending the exhibitions and public presentations; utilizing the fine photographic library at the Musée Réattu; and partaking of the numerous picture-making opportunities waiting to



"Ralph Gibson at the New York School Workshop in the courtyard of Maison Neruda."

be transformed into prized negatives. Workshop insufficiencies, at least as some of us Yanks would see them, seemed to be more than adequately compensated for by other benefits, and I doubt anyone left feeling cheated.

For their part, the instructors all worked hard. I watched the New York School closely and was especially intrigued to see the different ways each related to their role. Gibson was most visible, speaking at times for hours on end to relatively large groups of students, relating personal experiences and self-revelations, providing specific understandings of given images, and stories of other photographers; but the constant pausing for translating seemed to disrupt his rhythm to the point where he appeared to settle into relaying known information (rather than push himself into less familiar territory—regardless of whether the students were pushing effectively enough) and pronouncing a kind of

"Gibson was most visible, speaking at times for hours on end to relatively large groups of students, relating personal experiences and self-revelations, providing specific understandings of given images, and stories of other photographers."

quotable, though useful, batch of quotes ("It took me 15 years to develop a signature and style as an artist; I hope it doesn't take 15 more to grow out of it.

... Self-imitation is a bore.") Gibson's a pro at these things, however, and performs well even when not in top form.

Rubinstein worked more quietly, somewhat inconspicuously; often preferring to accent, elaborate, or illuminate rather than initiate. Her remarks seemed considered and considerate, offered usefully in French (as the majority of even the New York workshop students were French), which she speaks with fair fluency.

It was Harbutt, however, who struck me as moving most fully toward his students, the most complete participant. He seemed to talk more effectively with them than to them and to enjoy the energy he was feeling. I would see him spend hours head-to-head with a student at some café table going over photographs and ideas. What's more, he

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was photographing frequently, of inestimable value in the presence of teaching.

At one point, he asked his students to make the photographs today they would want to take with them if they had to leave the planet tomorrow and never return; he received everything from photographs as image/companions to a recording of the actual precious objects they would choose to take along, to photographic memories of people and places as they all were, souvenirs, feelings tucked away to treasure, and the frozen mirrors of flattering, reassuring, reassessing, and clarifying self-portraits.

Night fell just as I was coming to really appreciate adversity that third day in Arles. But having no place to sleep can damage even the rosiest of affairs, so after watching a rather disappointing presentation of slides and film by Kishin Shinoyama (there for the nude workshop, but he left after three days), my Swiss friend and I walked to the train station where, with the help of (ever-present in Europe) a fake student I.D. card, she purchased a roof over her head for the night, headed homeward. Desire had remained high but there was also exhaustion in the eyes; this was to have been the last night of her vacation, but she picked the wrong town.

As I wound my way back from the station (and wound my way down the generally), I encountered two hobos seeking funds. After going back and forth in broken French and far worse English they revealed it was "just for a place to sleep." As it happened, we were within view of my previous night's lodgings which I pointed out; whereupon they smiled, shook my hand ceremoniously, insisted it was a good choice—comfortable, quiet, convenient—saluted me and bid good night. For a moment I had joined the Knights of the Road Internationals, and will never look at hobos quite the same again.

I must admit I felt a little silly, with a Festival press card in my pocket, carte-blanche at the luncheons and seminars, climbing over yet another park fence to occupy yet another park bench for the night; but I felt even sillier waking up in the middle of an enormous bazaar and flea market going on all around me. What's more, since the night had been warm when I went to sleep, I had worn



"From Neruda's courtyard, only the models are evidence of photographic activity inside."

nothing under a mostly unzipped sleeping bag and therefore had to sort out my own attempts to deal with public nakedness on arising. Two older women shoppers on the bench opposite took especial interest in my maneuverings. I eventually reappeared fully clothed and, though unbelted, unzipped, and unshod, ready for another day.

I was to stay another eight days in Arles. Within two I would find a hotel room to call my own (having been given for one night the key to a room at the Hotel Pissaria by one of the nude workshop models who chose instead to spend the night with one of the instructors). I would attend more of the classes; meet nearly all the photographers and many of the gallery people, journalists, and students; dine at more of the restaurants and cafés; go to the beach as the lone male in the company of three female students; visit Marseilles for the day with one of them, take in classical and flamenco guitar concerts extraordinaire, get hired (and subsequently unhired) to teach photography in a country to which I have never been before, and essentially begin to enjoy being where I was, who I was. By the time I left Arles, I had exposed perhaps 1,000 separate rectangles of film and was feeling pretty good about my "art" (portrait of the artist as a young man in the mirror, shaving off a ragged red beard, stunned into consciousness as he nicks his ear).

The last three days of the New York

workshop ran concurrent with the nude workshop, sapping a little energy. Everyone wanted to go on the nude field trips to the beach or the hills and occasionally instructors would find themselves talking to nostrils, chins, and camera base plates when all three floors of windows on the courtyard at Maison Neruda would be filled with bare bodies gleaming in the sun. One must say that Lucien sure picks some of the most incredible-looking women (and some men) for his models—full features, deep even tans, flawless bodies—irresistible attractions.

For the record, the nude workshop was directed by Lucien Clergue, Kishin Shinoyama (briefly), and Will McBride (replacing Tanya Kaleya). Work seemed to revolve around a celebration of the flesh, the land, and the light (indeed all three were so stunning there, the seduction is easily understood). There were few attempts at portraits, or social comment, or interpretation of individual situations or the larger scene; anything but sun, skin, and sky seemed somehow inappropriate. Maybe that is what the nude is all about, anyway.

After the *colloques* had finished those first three days, much of the participants' visible activities settled down pretty much to trips to the beach and elsewhere, visits to the exhibits and library, and social get-togethers or rendezvous at the cafés and hotels. However, those were the same days of

continued on page 111

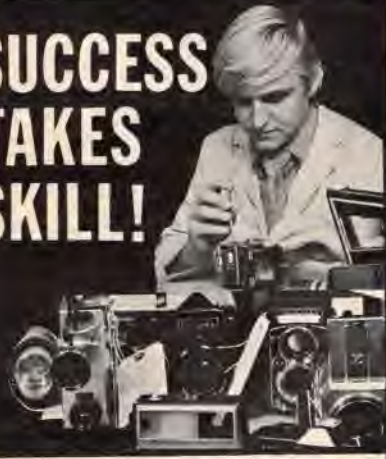
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LETTERS

continued from page 5

tinctly middle and upper class phenomena. The Avenue has become a refugee haven for blacks and whites from ghettos, oppressive impoverished homes and institutions, and so forth. Rebellious rhetoric has been held over from the '60s but their values are now a confusion of establishment and anti-establishment ideas. Agreed, there are smiles and good times, but they are painfully rare. Despair is an overwhelming factor in their lives. Yes, they are "physically dirty" and there is "nothing more to their rebellion." At this time they are only trying to survive in a devastating environment, and that is where they reveal their strength and their power.

Undoubtedly, such a thing is not done, but I'd appreciate "equal time" in your magazine.

Richard Misrach
Berkeley, Calif.

Edelson replies: *One does not write criticism with the expectation that those involved will enjoy the spotlight of examination. Letters such as Mr. Misrach's do not surprise me as much as did his book and thinking processes. When a photographer claims he is doing good and can only do so by having his images preserved in a library and expensive hardcover book, it sounds more like the photographer talking than a person. His claim to contributions for the needy also sounds more like the financial ego trip that occurs in synagogues and churches when members try to outdo each other to buy salvation. My grandfather once told me that a gift talked about is a gift boasted about. But if Mr. Misrach is still interested in my contributions through the year, I will convey the information to him privately . . . as it should be done if done at all.*

Finally, to set the record straight—even though it might upset Mr. Misrach's view of the world as white and black—a small portion of my income comes from criticism. A larger portion comes from taking pictures. Another portion comes from teaching. [Ed.—Edelson is assistant professor of photography at the State University of New York, Stony Brook.] I spend little time sitting back as a viewer in life's arena; I spend most of it, thank God, participating. The point of all this is that I am as entitled to set my thoughts down as are Mr. Misrach and any others who do not like my reviews. There is something about geese and sauce. It also applies to photographers.

CHEER

I don't usually send letters to magazines or editors.

In this case I am going to break a rule

and tell you what a great issue you had in the 1976 edition of 35-MM PHOTOGRAPHY.

By far some of the *best copy* I have ever read on the subjects of books, Magnum, etc. If only your reproduction would match the quality of your copy.

Jerry Greenberg
Miami, Fla.

JEER

I am a long time "advanced" amateur. I am writing today because I just finished the Winter, 1976, issue of 35-MM PHOTOGRAPHY and find it generally good but I must comment on the review by Mike Edelson of *A Wonderful Time* appearing on page 13. I have enjoyed Mike's stuff in the past, but find this particular piece an insult to a photo magazine. It is utterly political, rather anti everything, etc., etc. I found Slim Aarons' book next door to the magazine counter I frequent and found it interesting—but that is not the point.

We all have our individual sensitivities (thank God) but Mike's trite vehemence for the subject matter gets rather disgusting. If he is jealous or whatever, why not have him start a famous school, invent a needed product for mankind, or something else that will richly reward him. He must certainly suffer from some complex to find such strong fault with a picture book showing rich and wealthy people and their homes. I think most people would find it charming. If he doesn't like W. 72nd Street, have him move to a typical West Coast suburb—most have warm sun, palm trees (California) and swimming pools and you don't have to be rich . . . just produce a little more, maybe.

Maybe the book he reviewed just arrived on a bad day for him. Yes, he has a right to make a political review of a photo book in a photo magazine if he wants to. And, as a long time reader, I have a right to tell you I don't like it. So maybe we both feel better now. I just hope that in the future you consider the ramifications. I find bullfighting disgusting and would pan a review glorying in the "wonderful" pictures of same. I also hope Mike would. But flipping out over beautiful things just because (neither) he nor I own them ourselves??? I guess I wouldn't be photographing much or enjoying photography much if that was my measure.

On other scores, you (and Mike) are enjoyable to read and put out a damn good product.

Roy Skagen
Seattle, Wash.

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The One-Light Studio

By JIM CORNFIELD



Here's all you need: a light source (author prefers electronic flash) and a variety of accessories. Shown are white poster board reflector on light-stand, upper left; translucent diffusion screen, lower left, and umbrella, upper right.

Not too long ago, a cosmetics manufacturer ran a TV commercial that got me thinking about how misleading television can be. It's not that the ad itself was misleading—quite the contrary. I was instantly convinced that the product in question—some kind of cover-up cream—did everything the message claimed it could, from working numbers on a girl's love life to preventing hives and running sores. The misleading part came where they had the spokeswoman for the product, an internationally known "cover model," deliver her pitch while gliding through what was obviously supposed to be the studio of some big-time fashion photographer. You knew that right away, because there she was, swishing around this forest of light-stands, each topped with an imposing floodlight or spotlight or electronic flash unit.

Since I'm one of those boring people who talk back to TV commercials, I immediately wondered aloud how she could move so effortlessly without tripping over a bunch of extension cords. But what really bothered me was the thought of all those beginning photographers who might also be watching and thinking *that's* what a real studio looks like: an aluminum jungle with about a million volts worth of light sources scattered around. Which is precisely what scares so many people away from using artificial lights in their home studios. It's an extension of that rampant delusion among beginners that you've got to have a ton of hardware to shoot good pictures.

Wrong.

Wrong in general, but especially wrong when it comes to that much-maligned field that is photography's foster child—the art of studio lighting. If you haven't yet discovered it, the following discussion should convince you that you have enormous capability for creating any number of beautiful lighting effects, even if all you own are a single light source and inexpensive albeit well-chosen accessories.

First off, it should go without saying that the *sine qua non* of a good one-light studio is one good light source—meaning something more powerful than a low-wattage incandescent bulb screwed into a hardware store clip-on reflector. Since your single light source will be asked to perform the work of several, it should have sufficient power to be practical. Fortunately, "sufficient," for most applications, doesn't necessarily mean

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expensive. One highly versatile alternative, for example, would be a small tungsten-halogen unit with between 650 and 1,000 watts of power. Such units are available from several different manufacturers, and, providing you can live with the basic generic drawbacks of tungsten-halogen lighting—high temperatures and color balance limitations—they represent a very economical starting point for building your one-light studio.

For my money, the ideal core of such a studio is a good, reliable electronic flash unit. This can consist of nothing more than the little portable one you might already own, but, again, the optimum choice would be something that offers maximum possible output within your budget restrictions. Needless to say, one of those drugstore variety, penlight-powered units just won't do. If that's all you've got to work with, you'd be a lot better off to spring a few dollars for a tungsten-halogen source instead. A lot of your one-light techniques will involve using bouncelight reflectors and diffusion materials, which reduce a light source's basic power output. With a continuous light source, you can compensate for this reduction by using slower shutter speeds. With a weak electronic flash unit, however, you're stuck; exposure times with electronic flash are fixed according to the duration of the unit's light pulse.

Whatever type of light source you settle upon, don't worry if it eats into your budget a little more than you had planned. The advantage of a one-light studio is that it offers an economical way to produce a variety of interesting lighting setups, and, beyond the basic electronic hardware, the required accessories can usually be assembled for peanuts.

The basic starting inventory for your one-light studio could look something like the package illustrated on the opening page.

1. Your light source, mounted on a stand of ample sturdiness to support both the unit and an umbrella reflector. (If you're using electronic flash, be sure to include an extension synch cord, since nearly all of your one-light studio techniques will entail positioning the light source away from the camera position.)

2. An umbrella reflector, preferably the kind that has a metallic inner surface rather than a matte fabric. The minimum useful diameter for this accessory should be around 36 inches, depending on the power and illumination angle of your light source, and, ideally, the



**Fig. 1. DIRECT LIGHTING:
HIGH KEY**

Electronic flash was positioned so that broad highlight behind model would spread over as much of background surface as possible for high-key effect. Reflector in background is covered with aluminized foil (here, gift-wrapping paper); its shininess acts like large, powerful backlight.



The One-Light Studio

umbrella should have the capability of being "focused" by altering the position of the locking collar along the length of the shaft. Consult your camera dealer if you're in the dark about which types of photographic umbrellas offer this feature.

3. A couple of stiff "bounce-board" reflectors—one large, say, 4x5 feet, and the other maybe 2x3 feet. Here's where the variety of options open to you start increasing logarithmically. If you're really interested in economizing, you can easily get by with a couple of sheets of glossy white poster board, available in any hobby shop or art supply store for a couple of dollars. If you choose this particular route, you might want to stock up on boards with different reflective characteristics—for instance, one white board and one metallic board (usually referred to as "luster board") in each size. Bear in mind, of course, that artboard material is rarely stiff enough to allow it to stand upright. That can be a problem if you're shooting full-length portraits or large objects, so an ideal accessory to add to your bounceboards would be another lightweight aluminum stand. The stand, plus boards and some wide masking tape, offer a remarkable range of capabilities for bouncelight techniques.

An even better alternative for bounce boards is to select some stiff material, such as "foamcore" or Masonite, on which you can interchange reflective materials according to your needs. The best source for such materials is any theatrical supply firm or photo dealer that carries the Rosco brand of light-control material. Or, you can write Rosco Labs direct (Port Chester, N.Y. 10573) for a sample book of their various light-reflective materials, which are designed to accommodate a much broader range of requirements than you'll probably encounter, so, until you've established those requirements,

you might simply want to play around with white poster paper for soft effects, and crinkled aluminum foil when you want harder reflection from your bounce boards.

A third, but more expensive, option for satisfying your bounce-board needs is the umbrella-style "Reflectasol" manufactured by Larson Enterprises of Fountain Valley, Calif. This accessory has the triple-edged advantage of being collapsible for easy storage, being useful both as a parabolic umbrella reflector and as a flat, bounce-board reflector, and finally having the capability of interchangeable fabrics. These fabrics range from a hard, metallized to a soft, matte surface. In its smaller, 36-inch and 42-inch sizes, the Reflectasol can be used in a freestanding mode on the floor (using its hinged shaft as a support) or it can be mounted on a light-stand by means of a convenient clamp also manufactured by Larson. When a larger bounce board is needed, the 3x6-foot Reflectasol can be used—again either freestanding or mounted on a stand.

With this basic equipment as your starting point, you can add accessories to your one-light studio as you expand its capabilities. We'll look closer at some of these extras in the context of the techniques to which they're applicable. For now, let's explore some of those techniques in detail, and deal with extra equipment as it comes up.

Probably the most obvious of all the things you can do with a single light source is simply to point it at an appropriate subject and shoot. Despite the fact that direct lighting from a bare, undiffused source is usually held in some disdain by modern photographers, this simplest-of-all-lighting techniques has regained some of the reputé it once enjoyed—particularly for shooting portraits with an exotic, moody feeling. Ordinarily, a portrait lighted by a lone, direct source is considered

objectionable because of the harsh, contrasty quality it gives when no effort is made to soften highlights or lighten shadows. Lately, however, thanks to the influence of the nostalgia-crazy fashion magazines, this outmoded lighting technique has re-emerged as a way of evoking mystery and romanticism in an otherwise conventional subject. Figs. 1 and 2 show two different examples of how a direct source can add spice to a portrait.

In Fig. 1, the model was placed in front of a large sheet of aluminized foil (actually a piece of gift-wrapping material). The shiny background surface acts like a large, very powerful backlight, and I positioned the electronic flash carefully to ensure that the broad highlight behind the model would "spread" over as much of the background surface as possible for this provocative, high-key look.

Fig. 2 is simply a variation of Fig. 1; here, the subject was placed in front of a dark background and lighted with a flash unit placed to the left of and slightly higher than the camera. With the light in this position, there is no appreciable "spill" on the background, which maintains the low-key dramatic mood of the shot. A diffusion filter placed over the camera lens helps to minimize the hardness of shadow/highlight boundaries, but the finely etched contours of the shadows, particularly under the eyelashes, make the overall effect one of unmistakably direct lighting. (If your unit is not equipped with a "modeling light" for previewing the effect of your lighting before you shoot, you can fashion such an accessory using a low-wattage incandescent bulb mounted in a clamp socket and placed close to the unit's head.)

More conventional variations of the above techniques call for using a single light source with an umbrella reflector. Not only does the umbrella soften



Fig. 2. DIRECT LIGHTING: LOW KEY

Subject was placed in front of dark background and lighted with electronic flash unit placed to left of, slightly higher than camera, thus giving no appreciable spill onto background for this low-key, dramatic effect. Diffusion filter on lens helped to minimize hardness of shadow/highlight boundaries, but finely etched shadows, particularly under eyelashes, are the mark of direct lining.



Fig. 3. UMBRELLA: HIGH KEY

Subject was positioned close to white seamless background paper, electronic flash unit aimed into umbrella reflector, which bounced light back as a broad beam that illuminated both model and background, thus creating same effect as though secondary light source had been used. In cropping print, subject's shadow was eliminated. Result: airy, high-key portrait.

The One-Light Studio



Fig. 4. UMBRELLA + REFLECTOR

Same lighting setup as for Figs. 3 and 5 was used here; although quality is soft and even, technique still created shadows, so white bounce-board reflector was placed beneath subject to open up those shadows under eyes, nose, and chin.



shadows and highlights, it offers another advantage that makes it the real cornerstone of your one-light studio: It spreads light out uniformly into a broad, diffuse "beam" that is much larger and more even than the beam cast by a direct light source. By carefully positioning the light source/umbrella combination, you can take advantage of this large beam to achieve several useful variations. Case in point: **Figs. 3 and 5.**

In **Fig. 3**, the subject was placed close to a sheet of white background paper, with an electronic flash unit/umbrella combination positioned beside the camera and above the level of the subject's head. In this position, the broad light beam illuminates both the model and the white background, giving an effect as though an auxiliary light source had been used to light the background. The illusion is maintained by carefully cropping the picture to eliminate the subject's shadow on the background paper, and the ultimate result is an airy, high-key portrait.

The clearly opposite mood of **Fig. 5**, on the other hand, was accomplished using the exact same tools—light source plus umbrella—in a slightly different way. This time the model was placed as far as possible from the background—a sheet of dark paper—with the umbrella in a similar position to **Fig. 3**. This time, however, the umbrella was adjusted so that only the far edge of the light beam touched the model, with most of the light spilling on the floor between her and the camera and out of range of the lens. This technique of "feathering" the light is extremely useful for creating a very moody kind of study. But bear in mind that both this and the bright effect of **Fig. 3** were done with the identical light source/reflector combination.

Despite its relatively soft, even illumination, the light source/umbrella combination is not in itself a panacea for every lighting problem. It is still a directional light source, and, as such, can create unwanted shadows. Which is precisely where your bounce-board reflectors enter the picture. Let's look at the lighting technique for **Figs. 3 and 5** as an example. In both of these shots, the overhead placement of the light source creates shadows beneath eyes, nose, and chin. In neither case are these shadows particularly objectionable, but, if they had been, eliminating them would have been a simple matter.



Fig. 5. UMBRELLA: LOW KEY

Same lighting setup as in Fig. 3, but here model was positioned as far as possible from background—sheet of dark paper. Umbrella reflector was adjusted so that only far edge of light beam touched model, with most of it spilling on floor between her and camera, out of range of lens. This technique is called "feathering" the light, and is extremely useful for creating certain moods.



Fig. 6. MULTIPLE REFLECTORS: HIGH KEY

This high-key study demonstrates how several reflecting surfaces can be used in combination to produce an almost shadowless photograph. Light-colored seamless on which model is sitting acted as fill necessary for shadows under nose and chin, bounce board at left worked to lighten shadows on that side and on surface beneath her.

The One-Light Studio



Fig. 7. UMBRELLA + ACCENT REFLECTOR

Poster boards or other matte white surfaces can usually handle most shadow fill-in needs, but occasionally a much harder reflective surface is required. To create glamorous accent lights on model's hair, a highly polished, mirrored reflector was positioned behind and to one side of the subject.



Fig. 4 illustrates the use of a bounce board to accomplish this end. With the light again in the overhead position, a white bounce board is placed beneath the subject's face to lighten the offending shadows. In this case, "technique" was simply a matter of placing the bounce board flat on a table, over which the model was leaning. Had the light been to one side or the other, I would have placed the bounce board on the side opposite to achieve the same effect—softening or even eliminating the shadows completely.

The high-key figure study in Fig. 6 shows how several bounce boards can be used in combination to produce an almost shadowless picture. In this case, the light-colored surface on which the model is resting provided the necessary fill for nose and chin shadows, while a single bounce board, placed to one side, lightened shadows on that side of the subject and on the surface underneath.

Shadow fill-in with bounce boards can usually be handled quite adequately by glossy white surfaces such as poster board or a matte white fabric. But bounce boards are also useful for other applications that call for much "harder" reflective surfaces. The setup for Fig. 7, for example, includes a highly polished, mirrored bounce board positioned behind and to one side of the model to create the "accent light" in her hair. In the same way, a hard-surfaced bounce board is required in backlit situations like those in Figs. 8 and 9 where the main illumination is relatively weak and leaves the frontal surfaces of the subject in shadow.

To deal with lighting problems that require these hard reflections, I keep a set of small "luster boards" that can be fitted to a light-stand. By mounting them with inexpensive ball-and-socket clamps (available in any camera store), I can position highlights and accents with great precision.

As you explore the various potentials of your umbrella reflector and bounce boards, you'll inevitably encounter certain problems that require alternative solutions. The umbrella, for example, is not particularly useful for shooting pictures of glassware or other reflective objects, mainly because the light source often appears as a reflection on the surface of such objects. For this application of your one-light studio, you can turn to another means of softening the illumination from your light.

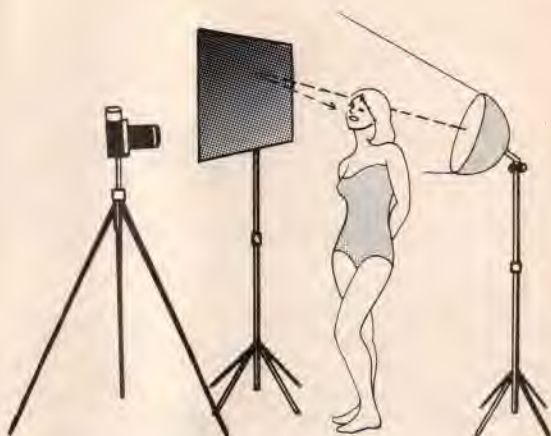


Fig. 8. DIRECT BACKLIGHT + FILL

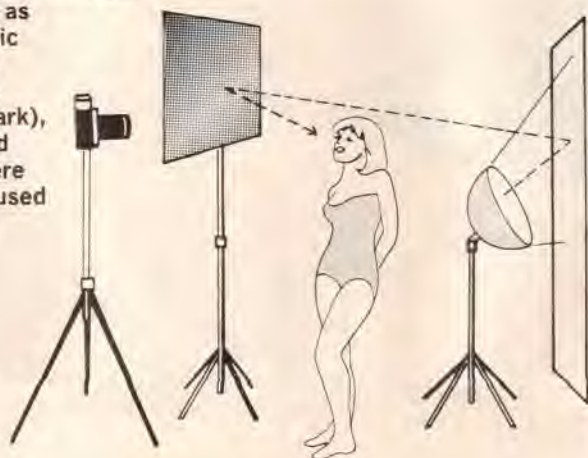
Direct flash behind model created ethereal-quality backlighting here, but her face would have been left in objectionable shadow without fill from that light bouncing off hard-surfaced reflector, held by light-stand, shown in photograph at left. Mounted with inexpensive ball-and-socket clamps, available in camera stores, they can be used to position highlights, accents.

The One-Light Studio



Fig. 9. DIRECT SIDELIGHT + FILL

Same lighting setup here as for Fig. 8: direct electronic flash has been used as a backlight (but with white background instead of dark), which would have created undesirable shadows. Here very shiny reflector was used to fill in those shadows.



source—specifically, a technique known as diffusion.

Diffusion materials are available from a variety of sources. The matte acetate sold in art supply stores has many applications for producing soft light, as do cloth materials such as percale and bleached muslin. Again, Rosco Labs offers a variety of light-diffusion materials, many of them highly resistant to heat (which, if you're using a tungsten-halogen light source, can be extremely valuable). In addition, the Reflectasol line also features a translucent fabric covering that can be interchanged over the standard square umbrella frame to create an instant, one-piece soft light. **Figs. 10 and 11** illustrate two possible variations of soft-light technique, again using just a single light source.

In **Fig. 10**, a sheet of diffusion material was mounted to a light, wooden frame and supported behind the subject by a light-stand. The light source was positioned behind the diffuser to produce a high-key backlit effect. Since the objects in this shot are transparent, this simple technique was sufficient for showing the subject details attractively without the need for extra light control accessories. The same basic lighting scheme can be used with subjects that are not transparent. By adding a couple of small luster boards, positioned close to the camera, frontal detail can be revealed without sacrificing the bold contours that are emphasized by the broad backlight.

Fig. 11 simply shows how a single piece of diffusion material placed between the light source and the subject prevents distracting reflections in the subject surface by creating an even, broad highlight. The use of an umbrella reflector in this shot would have spelled disaster. Here again, fill light is provided by a small bounce board placed on the side of the subject opposite the light source.

Once you've mastered the basic techniques of your one-light studio, you shouldn't be surprised to find yourself beginning to expand the potential of your light-control accessories into many areas of creative experimentation. In fact, it should be quite some time before you feel the need to add another piece of lighting hardware to your single-light-source setup. Nature, after all, has been getting along on one light for many, many years.



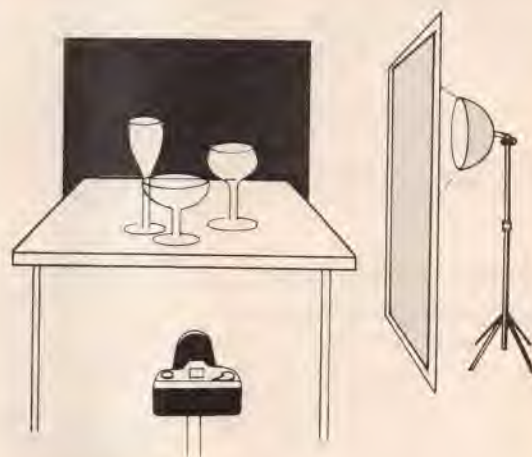
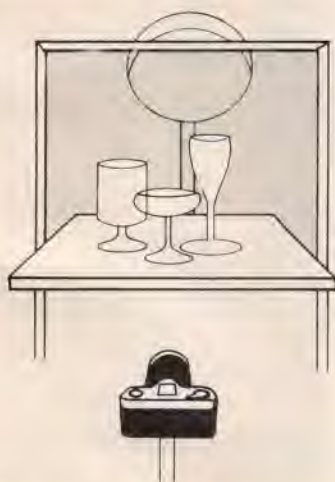


Fig. 10. BACK DIFFUSION

When photographing glassware or other reflective objects, it is usually desirable to soften the light source so that it does not appear as a reflection on the surface of your subject. There are a variety of materials that can accomplish this, such as matte acetate, sold in art supply stores; cloth fabrics—percale, bleached muslin; various materials from Rosco Labs, many of them highly resistant to heat, a benefit if shooting with tungsten-halogen lights; a translucent fabric covering from Reflectasol that can be interchanged over their standard umbrella frame. Here, all reflections were thus eliminated.

Fig. 11. SIDE DIFFUSION

Again the task of photographing a shiny, reflective subject such as glassware. Here author provided sidelighting by placing single piece of diffusion material (mounted to wood frame and supported by light-stand) between light source and subject, creating an even, broad highlight and eliminating other, more distracting reflections. Fill was provided by small bounce board (not shown) on left side of subject, opposite light source.

America is a vast landscape dotted with glowing chunks of concrete and steel; it is also full of vertical and horizontal lines that bisect a lot. This is the impression one gets from looking at Grant Mudford's PC portfolio. "PC," of course, stands for perspective control, which is the type of lens the Australian photographer selected to deal with his larger-than-life subject as he drove across it for the first time last year.

Mudford makes huge, luminous, crisp prints that look like they come from 4x5 view camera negatives. They don't. They come from tiny 1x1½-inch frames. Hard-edged subject matter helps, as does superb darkroom technique. But a 35-mm PC Nikkor lens on his Nikon is the key element (aside from his perception, of course).

"Essentially, this lens converts my 35 into a mini view

PC PORTFOLIO

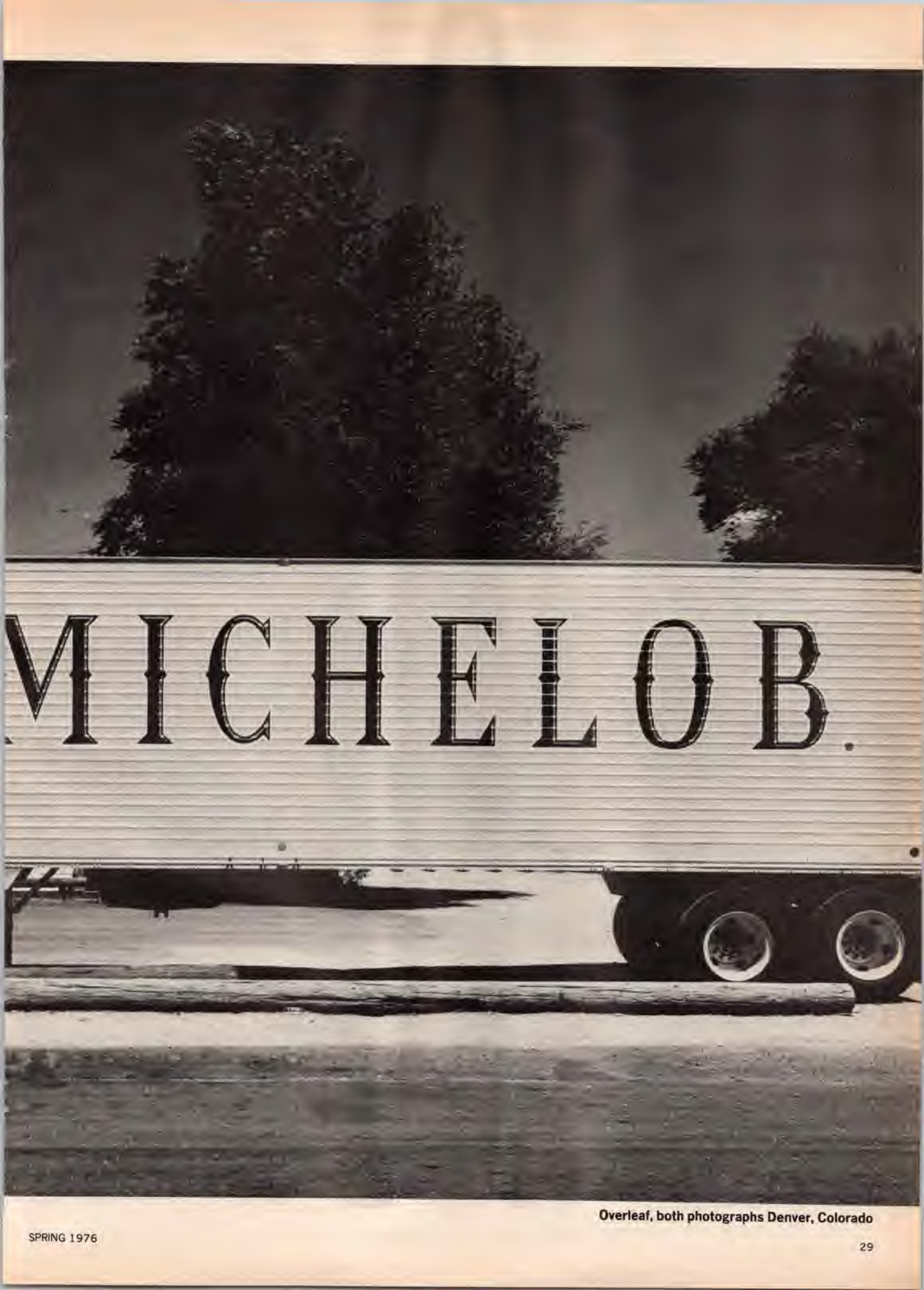
A cross-country
selection of
perspective-controlled
images

By GRANT MUDFORD

camera, allowing optical shifts in any direction from a fixed camera position," Mudford explains. "The preset diaphragm was a bit of an inconvenience, but it's nothing compared to the fantastic advantage of perspective control. And I get it while being able to retain all the other 35-mm SLR virtues . . . portability, speed, depth of field, etc. I mean, just try to set up a view camera in the middle of a busy U.S. highway so you can photograph a roadside building." 

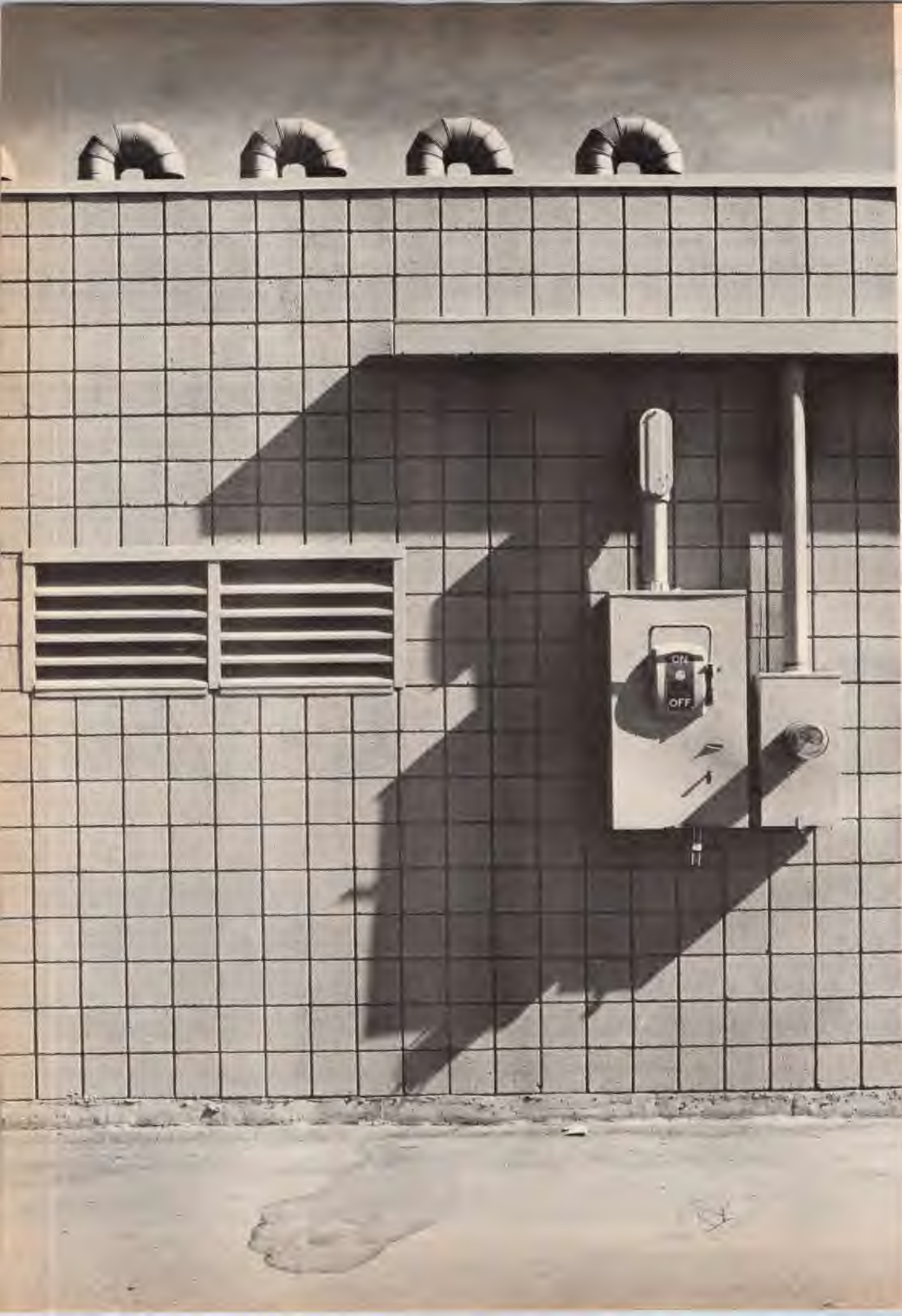


Bishop, California



MICHELOB.

Overleaf, both photographs Denver, Colorado





PC PORTFOLIO



New York City



Las Vegas, Nevada

Los Angeles, California
35-MM PHOTOGRAPHY



Flashy Glassware

By HARVEY SHAMAN

"In the wide, wide world of photography, little stands still, particularly in hardware. Here is a glimpse of some of the more exotic lenses that have passed before my eyes lately. Each offers unique picture-taking opportunities to the photographer; I tested each lens by using it to solve a particular set of problems."

View Camera Control 35-mm Style

Want to get view camera performance without view camera bulk and weight? There is a way. Canon offers a 35-mm f/2.8 lens that converts your 35-mm Canon SLR to a view camera you can carry around your neck.

This new piece of optical wizardry—called the Canon TS S.S.C.—swings, tilts, slides, rises, and falls. What Canon has done is make an f/2.8 35-mm lens that has a much wider than normal field; that is, it will give an image circle much wider than the standard 44-mm that most 35-mm lenses on 35-mm cameras allow. Behind these optics is a rack and pinion that gives a side-to-side motion of 22 mm to duplicate the side-to-side slides of the view camera. Rotation of 90 degrees lets the lens rise and fall. A second part of the mechanism, at right angles to the slides, allows the lens to swing or tilt around its optical center.

The Canon TS has a total shift of 22 mm, which is over $\frac{3}{4}$ inch of travel from one side to the other. The tilting mechanism will pivot the lens a full 16 degrees from lock to lock. Although for optimum results Canon suggests using only 14 mm of shift and 6 degrees of tilt when used in combination, I found that by stopping down to f/11 or f/16 there was no noticeable drop-off in image quality even when I used the full range of tilt and slide in combination. The TS can be stopped down to f/22 and focused to within 12 inches of the film plane. It weighs 1 pound, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounces, and measures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches. To use it on a tripod, an accessory mounting block is supplied that raises the camera 1 inch above the top of the mounting plate so the sliding mechanism will clear the tripod when in the extreme positions. Its price, including lens shade, cap, tripod mounting block, and leather case, is \$662.

At present, both Nikon and Schneider



also make lenses that have the side-to-side sliding mechanism, but neither makes provision for tilting. And the Varioflex II (distributed by Ercona Corp.) has both swings and slides but comes only in 65-mm and 100-mm models, which somewhat limits its use because a long focal length reduces the effect of the movements. List prices are \$297 and \$345, respectively.

Nikon pioneered the sliding mechanism some years ago with its PC lens. Its latest version is an f/2.8 35-mm lens with an 11-mm shift for a total range of 22 mm both vertically and horizontally. List price is \$363.50 with case. Nikon also sells a 28-mm f/4 PC Nikkor listing at \$699.50. The 35-mm f/4 PA Curtagon available from Schneider for \$594 has a 7-mm movement for a total vertical and horizontal range of 14 mm. A unique feature of the Curtagon is its operation by a one-quarter turn of a ring similar to the diaphragm ring.

What all this means to you as a photographer is simple. You can control depth and perspective to give your 35-mm images a look they never had before.



By using lens's slide movements, photographer covers more.

At left is the image obtainable with the lens centered. At right Shaman slid the lens to the left, shot, to the right, shot, and spliced the two images together at a natural joining point—the center fold. To get the same coverage in a single image, the camera must be moved back or equipped with a wider-angle lens. Shifting to another focal length lens corrects undesirable perspective.



The unique ability of the lens to be tilted off the vertical axis offers unique opportunities to control areas of sharpness.

Below, by tilting the lens so its front surface approached the plane parallel to Chris's body, the area of sharpness was extended from top to toe. Below right, Shaman tipped the lens in the opposite direction to get only the boy's eyes in sharp focus.



Curving This Way and That

One of the more unusual pieces of optical esoterica is Minolta's new 24-mm f/2.8 MC VFC Rokkor-X lens. This is a lens that at the twist of a ring changes the normally flat field to either a convex or concave one.

In other words, you can make photographs inside a cave and have the walls sharp from the sides all the way around to the back while still leaving the aperture wide open. Or conversely, you can photograph a spherical object, such as a ball or globe, and have it sharp from the segment nearest you all the way around to the sides—without stopping the lens down for greater depth of field.

The Variable Field Control (VFC) ring is mounted at the very front of the lens. Turning it fully to the right of the central index mark produces a convex field. Turning it to the left shifts the field to concave. Centering the indicator produces a flat field.

The lens, which stops down to f/16, can be focused on a subject as close as 1 foot from the film plane. Price is \$425.





The 24-mm f/2.8 MC VFC Rokkor-X lens is in neutral when the circle matches the arrow. At left is what results when the scene is photographed.



Rotating the VFC ring to the right produces a convex field. The white king, the white bishop, and the black queen all are in focus.



Reversing the procedures makes the field concave, rendering domino and dice sharp while throwing the white bishop and black queen out of focus.

Up Tight Zoom

Zoom lenses have been around for a long time, but they generally have had the drawback of not being able to move in for close-ups. Recently, manufacturers have put on the market lenses with a separate focusing ring for macro work. But they still must be operated separately when you want to work at close lens-to-subject distances. Konica has a new f/4 80-200-mm UC Zoom Hexanon AR that is an inspired compromise: it focuses from infinity to just over 2 feet without having to shift ranges. This means you can get really close for a tight image of a small subject.

The lens is approximately the same size and weight as the regular 80-200-mm Konica Zoom. Zooming takes only one-quarter turn of the rear ring, while a three-quarter turn of the focusing ring is all that is necessary to get from infinity to the full close-up setting. The lens, equipped with a built-in lens shade, has a list price of \$499.



One way to get more for your money—buy a zoom that will focus as close as 27 inches. Shaman placed his model that distance from the camera, then shot at 200-mm, 135-mm, and 80-mm. Results are top to bottom, respectively.



Wide, Wider, Widest

One of the missing links in the zoom lens chain has been a lens with a real wide-angle to almost-normal range. Now Nikon has introduced a 28-45-mm f/4.5 Zoom Nikkor to fill that space.

The lens, which is limited to a minimum focus of 2 feet, now permits the photographer to open up areas and work in constricted places without having to change lenses when he wants extreme wide-angle coverage or perspective. Its price is \$650.

A zoom allows the photographer to go in or back without changing position, and without changing lenses. Compare the 45-mm-setting shot at bottom with the 28-mm-setting shot above it.



A New Softy

A new version of a favorite of yesteryear is Fuji's EBC Fujinon SF. For years, photographers have been regaled by old-timers about the famed Imagon lens that easily gave the camera operator selective soft focus.

Now Fuji has produced its own version in an 85-mm f/4 optic that will screw into any camera with a Praktica type mount. The soft focus is caused by a plate containing a series of circular holes mounted just behind the diaphragm. In the center is a larger hole that exactly matches the f/11 opening of the diaphragm. When the shutter is tripped with the diaphragm open to f/8 or larger, the holes in the plate serve as individual-sized apertures to create slightly out-of-focus images of each point of light in the picture, resulting in a softened and diffused image. The larger opening in the center insures some sharpness in the main part of the image, while the smaller openings diffuse and disperse the image. At smaller apertures, the lens gives undiffused images.

To use the lens, focus it, then grasp the focusing ring and narrow knurled ring just behind it, and give a light turn until the narrow ring stops. The travel is about 1/4 inch. Thus the lens has shifted just enough to move the focus to the front of the inherent depth of focus at that particular aperture. This adds to the softening and diffusion of the image without destroying the actual sharpness.

While the explanation of how it works may be somewhat complex, the actual execution is simple, and the results are pleasing. The list price, with lens shade and case, is \$250.



The inside of the EBC Fujinon SF looks something like a fly's eyeball. The larger hole in the center just matches the f/11 setting.



Once the lens has been focused, grasp the focusing ring and adjacent knurled ring as shown in photograph at far left. Rotate the two rings until they stop. This throws the image out of focus. Below left, the lens has been stopped down to $f/11$, yielding a relatively sharp image with good contrast. Below, a diaphragm setting of $f/4$ gave a soft and romantic image quality.



Check out the background in this print. The unique sieve-like holes of the interior plate are mirrored by distant out-of-focus points of light when the lens is used wide open and focused at a close distance.



Photograph by Harvey V. Fondiller

Henri Dauman:

THE CREATED MOMENT

By HARVEY V. FONDILLER

For Henri Dauman, a photograph is the image of a Created Moment . . . an image of choice, not chance; a moment conceived rather than perceived.

He is no strolling sharpshooter seeking targets for his camera. Rather than searching for angles in an existing situation, he creates a composition in which he hopes the subject is revealed as never before.

Dauman applies this concept to all his work—portraits, scenes, even events. Assigned to make a photograph conveying the idea of *Marcel Marceau in New York*, he asked the famed mime to perform on a street in costume, walking a painted traffic line as though it were a tightrope. Photographing a five-country story on Club Méditerranée for *Life*, he found that he had to set

up—*create*—most of the photographs, including posed candids of various activities. To make a scene in the Club's Israeli village visually interesting, he placed two sling chairs on low-lying rocks near a beach, with an Arab village in the background. Girls reclining on the chairs seemed to be floating in the ocean.

In 1968, *Newsweek* assigned Dauman to make pictures of Miami Beach, site of that year's Republican convention. To show sunbathing girls at the Fontainebleau Hotel with the beach in the background, he made a photograph looking down from the hotel roof with an extreme wide-angle (20-mm) lens. He and an assistant lugged chairs, potted palms, and tables to the roof.

As a free-lance, Dauman earns as

much as \$1,000 per day; his rate varies with the nature of the job. The pictorial moments he creates are images that derive from experience spanning two decades as a photographer.

Son of a retail dry-goods merchant, Dauman was born in the Montmartre section of Paris. When the city was occupied by German troops in 1940, he was sent to a provincial town. His father, an army volunteer, was demobilized after the French forces capitulated. Shipped to a detainment camp for Jews and later deported to Germany, he was never heard from again.

After Paris was liberated, Henri returned home. The war ended, but in 1946 tragedy accompanied the bicarbonate of soda his mother bought from a neighborhood pharmacist. The

35-MM PHOTOGRAPHY



Film director Federico Fellini—a Dauman-directed portrait.

latter had acquired it in the black market where it had been adulterated and the drug poisoned many Parisians. His mother died, leaving 13-year-old Henri an orphan.

He hated living in the children's home to which he was sent, and all the others to which he was shunted during the next four years. One way to get out was to take pictures. He bought a cheap 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ x2 $\frac{1}{4}$ twin-lens reflex camera and spent weekends photographing street scenes in Paris.

At 17, Henri got a job in a suburban camera store. Supporting himself on a meager salary, he moved into a garret and prepared his meals on a kerosene stove. He learned darkroom techniques by processing his own and customers' film. Later he worked as an assistant in

several Paris studios, including that of Bernand, a leading theatrical photographer. His pictures of radio personalities appeared in newspapers and promotional magazines.

America seemed to offer greater opportunities for a photographer, so in 1951—with money advanced by his Uncle Sam (of The Bronx, New York)—he booked passage on the *Liberté*. En route, his camera bag, containing a Rolleiflex and his passport, was stolen. He searched frantically, fearing that he would not be permitted to land. The passengers and crew also searched; just hours before the ship arrived in New York Harbor, the bag mysteriously reappeared.

Dauman, who spoke a smattering of schoolboy English, couldn't understand

a word of the language he heard in New York. Soon discovering that the city was not as it appeared in the movies, he concentrated on survival.

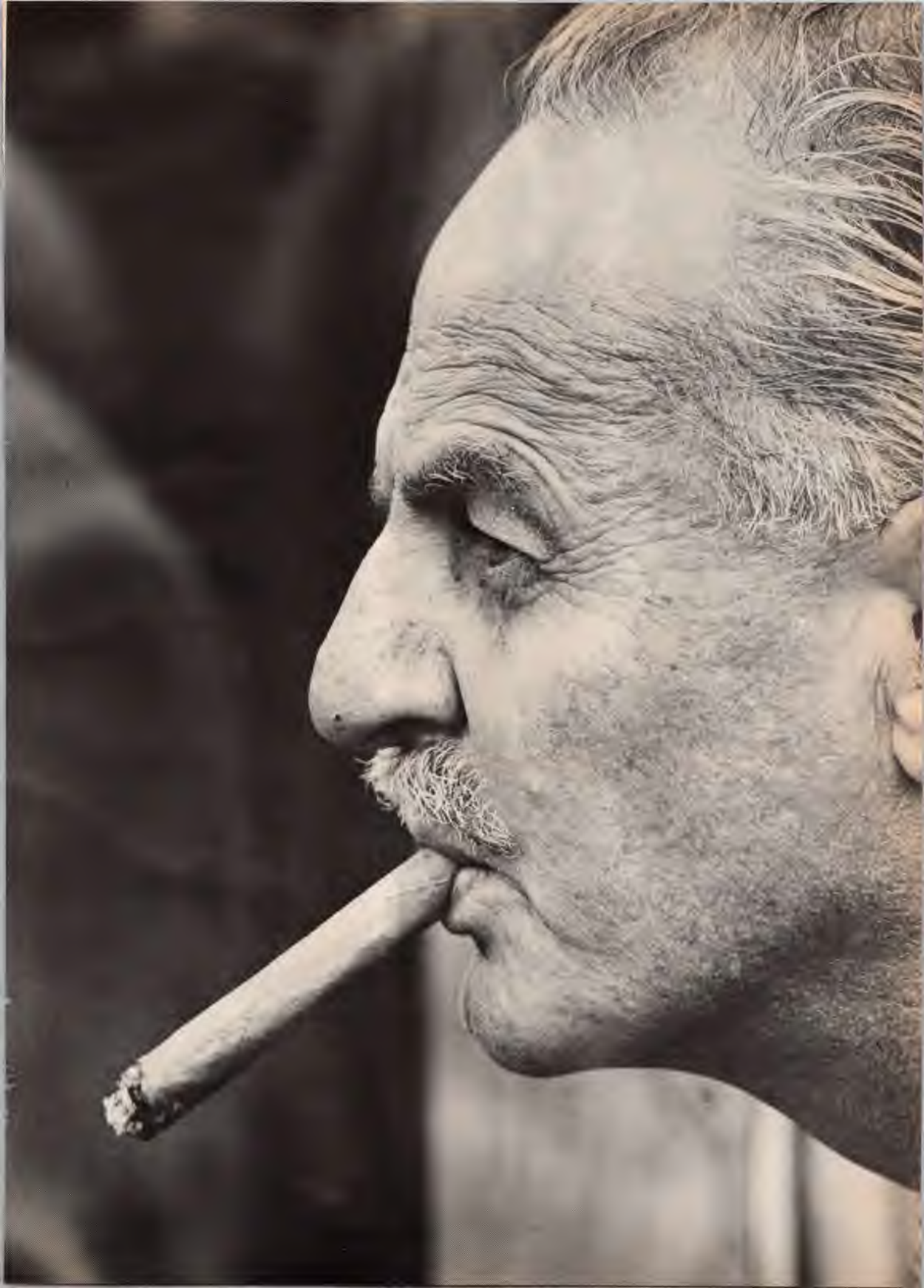
He rented a room, got a job as a shipping clerk in a corset company, and took night-school courses in English. He bought a tripod with \$25 borrowed from a cousin who introduced him to a photographer whose darkroom he was able to use. From new-found friends and acquaintances, he got leads for picture assignments: candid weddings, babies, portraits. After a few months, he became a clerk at the Belgian Chamber of Commerce and took pictures of the group's meetings. He sold photos for \$5 each to *France-Amérique*, a French-language newspaper.

continued on page 52



Henri Dauman Movie mogul Darryl F. Zanuck (right) was photographed on location during shooting of one of his films. Actress Julie Christie (above) posed for Dauman in a friend's apartment on New York City's West Side. Photographs of pianist Arthur Rubinstein (below left), relaxing during recording session, and composer Darius Milhaud (below right) illustrate Dauman's versatility at portraiture. The photographer selects one of three lenses when portraying a subject with a 35-mm camera; their focal lengths are: 28-mm, 105-mm, and 180-mm.







Henri Dauman Every portrait by Dauman is stamped somehow with the signature of the subject, as evidenced by this photograph depicting media maven Marshall McLuhan, televised by 12 TV monitors at University of Toronto. See text for details on this creation. To convey idea that folksinger Tim Hardin (below left) was "barefoot in Babylon" (i.e., New York), Dauman photographed him shoeless in his New York hotel room. Shot was made with a 28-mm lens and electronic flash with umbrella for fill-in flash. Color photograph of Piet Hein at right, designer of an elongated ellipse, was taken in garden of his country home near Copenhagen. Playwright Eugene Ionesco (below right) was photographed in an old hotel elevator in Stockbridge, Mass., with flash.



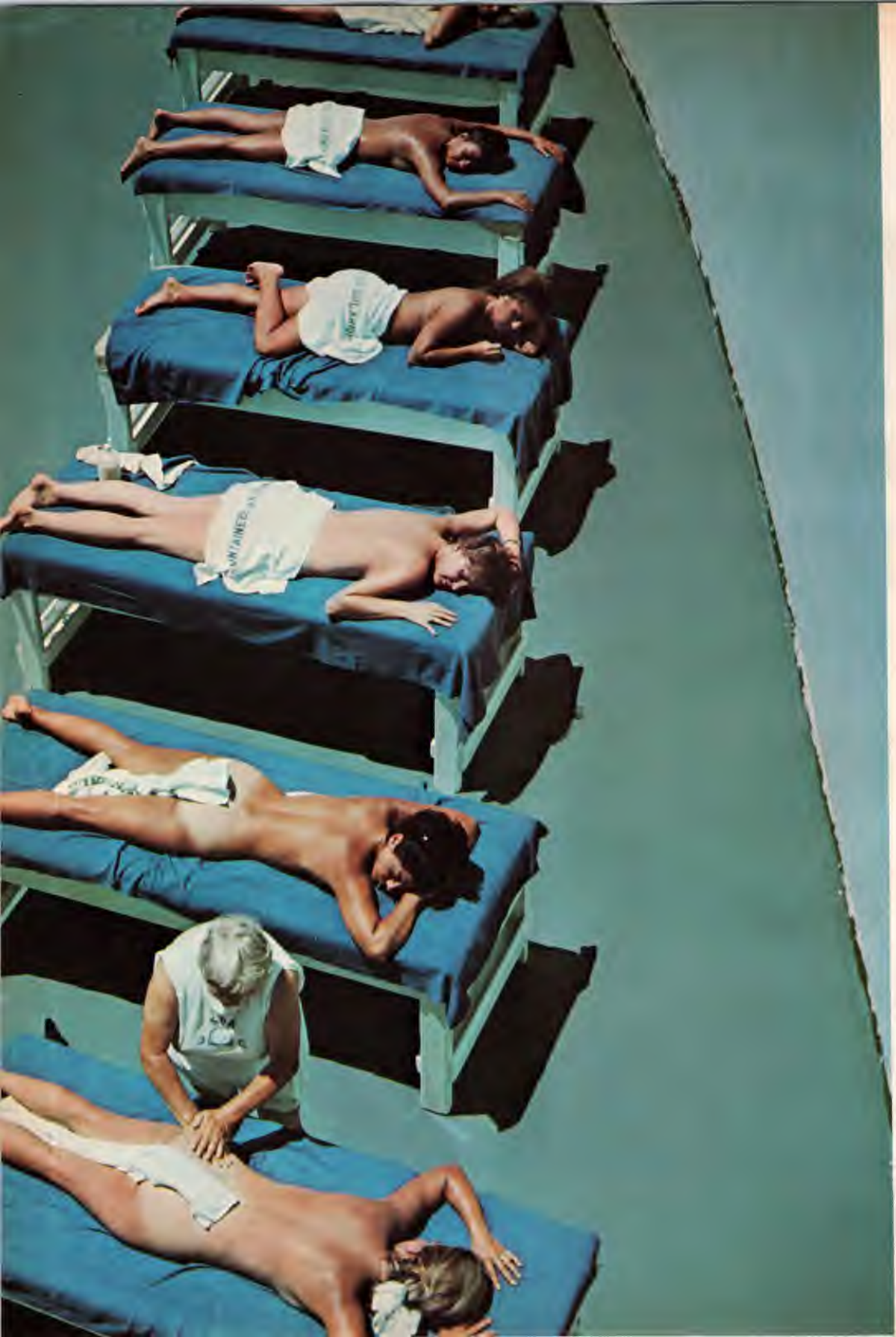






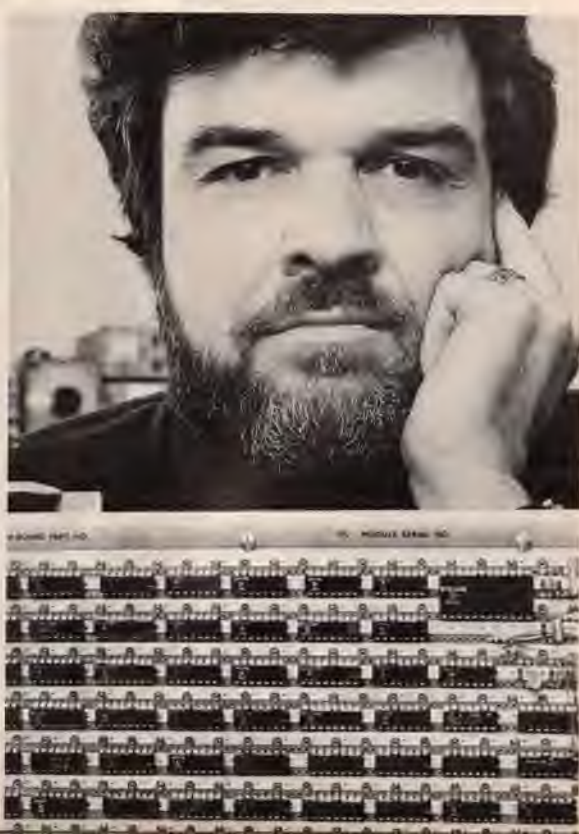
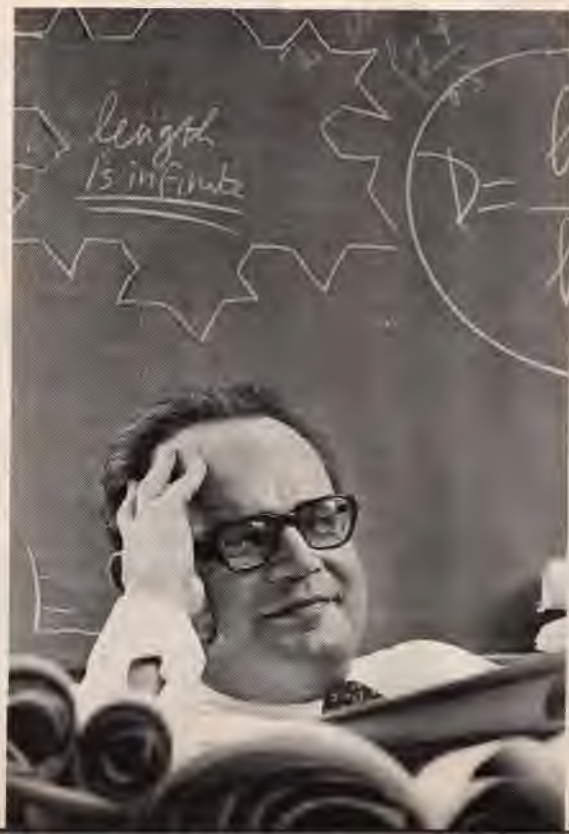
Henri Dauman Lady with a Lamp, Statue of Liberty at left, carries the torch in New York Harbor for ocean-bound and homecoming ship passengers. To capture the torch lighted, but with details visible, Dauman waited until dusk, then was flown close in helicopter. Gilded crest on gate at entrance to Palace of Versailles near Paris, above, makes an arresting, symbolic foreground device, shot 30 feet above ground. From same elevation, night shot of New York's Park Avenue was taken looking south to Pan Am Building, below left. Below right: Furniture of the past is only shadows at Olana, century-old Hudson River mansion; its picture story appeared in *Life*.







Henri Dauman Malcolm Baldrige, chairman of the board of Scovill Manufacturing Company, relaxed naturally in his office for portrait made with 180-mm lens, Tri-X film. Color photograph of sunbathers (left) at Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach, Fla., had to be posed because model releases were required. Dauman recreated scene, using secretaries and willing guests. Shot was made with 28-mm Nikkor lens on Ektachrome-X film. Below, two takes from an essay Dauman did on IBM research centers, one in Yorktown, N.Y., the other in San Jose, Calif. Benoit Mandelbrot, left, is a mathematician, Larry Kreighbaum, right, automation specialist.





Henri Dauman The late Nikita Khrushchev strikes a telling pose while addressing a luncheon gathering during his last Western trip—to the Scandinavian countries. Below left, Marilyn Monroe—the most famous face and figure of the '50s—radiates all her familiar charms under newsreel lights at New York opening of one of her films, *Some Like It Hot*. At ringside of Johansson-Patterson fight, Elizabeth Taylor (below right) concentrates on main event. Candid was taken in available light. Opposite page, Marcel Marceau, the famed French mime, walked white traffic line as though it were a tightrope. Dauman shot from angle almost on street, intentionally foreshortening traffic line with his Rolleiflex, ideal for this shooting position, and thus producing with it a graphic design element in this compelling "created moment."





Henri Dauman:



Married at 20 and a father at 21, Dauman and his wife lived mainly on potatoes . . . potatoes boiled with butter, French-fried potatoes, sautéed potatoes.

"We couldn't afford to eat other things," he says. "I was saving to buy a Leica." He bought one; much later he acquired another. ("We ate potatoes for a long time," he remembers. Curiously, he still likes them.)

With the Leica, he photographed "New York Looking Up," published in 1956 in *The New York Times* magazine section. The pictures, made with the camera flat on the sidewalk with its 21-mm lens pointed upward, conveyed Dauman's impressions of "a city of vertiginous buildings."

Many assignments from the *Times* followed. Dauman also sold pictures of news events . . . personalities, plays, and movie openings to European magazines: *Paris Match*, *Jours de France*, *Elle*, *Revue*, *Epoca*.

He covered an assignment in Cuba for *Jours de France* in 1958, shortly before Colonel Fulgencio Batista was deposed. In fact, the revolution was already taking

place; there was shooting outside the department store where Dauman was taking pictures of the Colonel's wife on a shopping spree. (She even bought the photographer a box of Christian Dior ties.) As bullets whizzed outside, Dauman became a non-combat casualty (he sprained an ankle), but in the best tradition of photojournalism, managed to limp through the assignment. A few days later, Fidel Castro took over the Cuban government. Dauman later decided that his taste in neckties didn't correspond with that of Senora Batista, and he gave them away.

In those years, he did his black-and-white processing at home. In one apartment, he placed his trays on a board over the bathtub. In another, he made half the kitchen into a darkroom by building a wall and installing a sink. By 1960, he had perfected his print-distribution system. A typical example was the way he marketed his photographs of Elizabeth Taylor's reactions at the Ingemar Johansson-Floyd Patterson fight. Crouching in front of her ringside seat, he made a series of shots, processed

Magazine covers shot by Dauman (opposite page) include: top row, John Lindsay at street parade in Brooklyn prior to his election as mayor of New York; Lindsay and son at the mayoral victory celebration; shapely sunbather at the Club Méditerranée at Arziv, Israel; a montage symbolizing the concept of social anonymity. Bottom row; Vietnamese Buddhist leader Thick Tri Quang; illustration for gun-control debate; black worker on assembly line; actor James Earl Jones in Broadway play *The Great White Hope*.

them at home, made four sets of 30 prints each, and addressed packages to magazines in France, England, Italy, and Germany. Then he telephoned a customs broker at Kennedy Airport, whose messenger picked up the packages and put them on Europe-bound planes. A cablegram, "Expect Elizabeth Taylor story tonight," went to each publication. The picture story received wide coverage; most of the European magazines that received it—*L'Europeo*, *Paris Match*, etc.—gave it at least six pages. Later, after its newsworthiness was over, it sold to fan magazines.

His most exhausting assignment during this period was the inauguration

35-MM PHOTOGRAPHY



Typecast in the role of a French-speaking photographer in the Brigitte Bardot movie *A Very Private Affair*, Dauman also actually took photographs during the filming. Here he explains the complexities of his equipment to famous star.

of John F. Kennedy. Wearing a tuxedo to the inaugural ball, Dauman shot 24 rolls of 35-mm film until 3 a.m. Then he changed clothes and three hours later was in the stands in front of the Capitol. (The first photographers to arrive got the best locations for making pictures of the ceremonies.) For many hours that snowy day, he photographed the inaugural parade.

Two years later, he was assigned to cover John F. Kennedy's funeral. Five pages of his color pictures were printed in *Life*.

In 1965, Dauman's photographs of an up-and-coming politician named John V. Lindsay appeared on two *Life* covers. One was shot on the street prior to the announcement of his candidacy for mayor of New York; the other was made in a hotel ballroom at his victory celebration. Arriving early at the latter with an assistant, Dauman set up 10 Ascor 800-watt-second electronic flash units. When Lindsay appeared, a horde of photographers, including four others assigned by *Life*, shot by single flash or available light. Dauman, however, controlled 8,000 watt-seconds of illumination by a radio transmitter slung over his shoulder. This gave his pictures

depth and quality; *Life* used them for its lead story as well as the cover.

When the Italian magazine *Epoca* assigned him to do a series of picture essays on American cities, Dauman avoided any semblance of a "picture-postcard" layout. Having looked up at New York's skyscrapers years before, he now reversed the angle and showed how the Empire city appeared when viewed from the top down. High in the RCA building at Rockefeller Center, he put a 4x5 Linhof on a 15-foot telescoping pole and held it out a window. He had to pull in the camera and change the film holder after each shot. "The cable release was a little short," he remembers. "I had to lean over the windowsill with my assistant holding me by the belt." The picture essay was published as a cover and 16 pages in each of two issues of *Epoca*.

"When a camera's in front of me, I forget fear," says Dauman. He has taken pictures underwater, though he doesn't swim, and ridden camels, elephants, and donkeys though he's not a rider. He has photographed from balloons and from a helicopter whose blades almost touched the torch of the Statue of Liberty. He has flown between skyscrapers and under bridges . . . but "I never get sick in airplanes until I've finished shooting."

He acquired a case of sun poisoning while photographing models in the Virgin

Islands for a cigarette ad campaign . . . was grabbed by a newspaper photographer where it hurt most ("by the camera") at a Miss America pageant. He even appeared in a Brigitte Bardot film, *A Very Private Affair*, in the role of a French-speaking photographer—surely a triumph of typecasting. ("I really took pictures during the scenes," he recalls.)

During the golden age of photojournalism, many photographers applied to *Life*, but few were chosen. Dauman never applied; after free-lancing for the magazine, he became a contract photographer when the editors discovered that he sometimes outshot their own staffers. Working out of the Paris office, he traveled several months of the year, roaming Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East, and completed hundreds of assignments. These included Khrushchev's last Western trip, to Scandinavia; an Arab summit conference in Alexandria, Egypt; and Buddhists during the Vietnamese war.

In 1967, Dauman rented a studio and made advertising illustrations for many national accounts. He also continued to do photojournalistic assignments for the "Arts & Leisure" section of the Sunday *New York Times*: scenes from Broadway and Off-Broadway plays and portraits of show-business personalities. He has also shot a dozen covers and numerous color stories for *Newsweek*.

"Sometimes one must recreate an event to capture the reality," says Dauman. "The pictures I create can have just as much truth—and sometimes more—than a truly candid shot. The photographer must define the picture area, remove the disorder, rearrange and simplify the elements. The simpler a picture is, the bolder it will be.

"Organization and selection—that's what it's all about. After probing all aspects of the subject and solving its technical problems, I react intuitively, make the exposure . . . and sometimes the result is a beautiful moment."

A creative photographer must often photograph what isn't there; he takes an abstract idea and presents it visually. This approach—conceptualization of a "created moment"—is diametrically opposed to the "decisive moment," a strictly candid approach to life as it is, as recognized and captured in a fleeting instant. The Created Moment—often

continued on page 111



Darkroom
Problems
Fall to the
Charge of

The BOTTLE BRIGADE

By HOWARD HARRISON

An old-time newspaper photographer once confided to me that one of his most valued photographic tools was a bottle of Kickapoo Joy Juice that he kept nestled in his darkroom; "it kind of eased up those negatives that just wouldn't print right."

I'm not sure whether he used the bottle's contents internally on himself, or externally on his negatives, but from the looks of his work it was equal parts of both.

A number of contemporary photographers have saluted a saving glass of red wine as enhancement for their inspiration. For me, alternating infusions of orange juice (to punch up the level of Vitamin C) or black coffee (to zing the tired bloodstream) have sufficed.

Nonetheless, I stock a separate and exalted bottle brigade for maintaining high photographic standards. Generally speaking, all these bottled goodies are readily available in supermarkets, five-and-ten-cent stores, or drug outlets. There's nothing fancy about any of them, but they all provide help you might need sometime. So read on and get some help from the bottle.

Ammonia: TV commercials boast the cataclysmic virtues of white tornadoes trapped in a tube, bald muscle men harnessed in a can, etc.; ammonia, the age-old cleaning hack, is my friendly photographic Mr. Clean. Never having been much of a chemistry student, I can't explain why the stuff works. In one form, ammonia poured into the earth makes crops grow. In another, poured onto dirt, it makes the stuff disappear.

I use a small bottle with a spray top, filled half with ammonia and half with water. This solution is a general darkroom cleaner good for shiny surfaces such as ferrotype tins, contact printer glass, glass negative carriers, enlarger condensers, etc. The basic cleaning technique is to spray it on and wipe it off with a soft, lint-free cloth or Photowipe. The ammonia has a cutting action that restores brilliance to shiny surfaces.

Trichloroethylene: TCE can be purchased at hardware and household supply outlets. Its normal application is

as a cleaning agent and mild degreaser. Around the photo studio it's best used in situations not responsive to the ammonia/water remedy. A prime example for TCE's effectiveness would be in eradicating greasy fingerprints on negatives, built-up scum on camera bodies, etc.

Alcohol: Not the fancy stuff from Scotland, but the methyl kind distilled from trees. External applications only! Use alcohol as a cleaner/solvent where the ammonia and/or TCE don't work, such as cleaning the pressure plate of your favorite SLR. Dab a cotton ball in alcohol and squeeze until slightly damp. Then swab. The alcohol dissolves accumulated gelatin and gunk.

Sometimes negatives pick up deposits of rust, algae or other particulate matter from the water. A gentle swab with alcohol-soaked cotton works where simple swabbing often fails. Alcohol also helps to dry negs fast. The wet neg should be immersed in alcohol. The alcohol absorbs the water and promotes fast drying because of its high volatility.

Bleach: Believe it or not, that good old bottle of household bleach can take up where your dodging left off. This is a stunt I learned from retouchers. They use a mild 1:10 solution of bleach and water as a local reducing agent on mounted prints. Photography purists would prefer ferricyanide, but you must remember that retouchers have neither the time, nor the facilities, to go through these pains.

Mastering the bleach reduction technique isn't easy. So experiment with throwaway prints before working on your finished prints. Start with a 1:10 bleach-to-water mix and observe its effects before you work with stronger solutions. Move cautiously, as too strong a bleach solution will dissolve away the emulsion completely. Apply the solutions as you would ferricyanide, using brushes, cotton swabs, or whatever works best in the application. Work over a sink and under a good light.

The bleach reduction technique won't add detail that wasn't there originally, but it can help save a print by opening deep shadows.

Distilled water: Sounds silly to buy



Mix the water and bleach in any bottle you have handy. The bleach/water mixture is reasonably stable, so you don't need brown bottles. A 10:1 water/bleach ratio provides a mild action. Once you master reducing with this formula, you might want to shift to stronger mixes.



When you're in a real hurry to dry negs, immerse them in a mix of 50/50 water and alcohol with just a dab of Photo-Flo. This mix promotes faster drying.



Many household products come in spray top bottles. Rescue one and use it for your ammonia/water mix. Great for cleaning glass, ferrotype tins, negative carriers, condensers, etc.



Rubber cement thinner cuts gummy residue and scum like nothing else. Also, it leaves no stain of its own on black-and-white or color prints. Use a clean, lint-free cotton towel and your finger to apply.

The BOTTLE BRIGADE

water as a photographic tool, but, sad to say, many local water supply systems deliver water unfit for photographic consumption. Distilled water is H_2O . Tap water is H_2O along with chemicals, algae, bacteria, and similar undesirable extras.

Most of the time, photographic chemistry will operate when mixed with bad water. However, if you have trouble mixing chemicals, in spite of following instructions to the "T," suspect bad water and mix your chemicals with distilled water. You'll have to spend extra money for the water, but you'll save on blown chemicals.

Baby oil: Negatives can get scratched and abraded in spite of all your good intentions to handle them carefully. Applying a fine coating of oil to the neg surface can make these scratches disappear from your prints. Apply a couple of drops to the thumb and index finger and gently massage onto the backing and emulsion surfaces of the affected negatives. Naturally, if you have badly calloused fingers, treatment of this sort will add damage rather than repair—although it may help your fingers.

Don't apply too heavy a coating to a neg as the oil will form a wavy pattern, which will print as streaks.

Petroleum jelly: This product acts pretty much the same way as the baby oil with a few exceptions. Since the petroleum jelly is a semi-solid, there's little chance of it spilling in the darkroom.

Second, the pure petroleum jelly is a non-scented material second to none (in my opinion) as a hand cream. For most people, the constant wetting and drying of the skin during a darkroom session produces a severe case of dishpan hands. Application of petroleum jelly after cleaning up helps restore normal-feeling skin.

Many printers prefer petroleum jelly (to baby oil) for treating scratched negatives. The proper procedure for using it is to put a dab on the index

finger. Then rub the index finger against the thumb to liquefy the petroleum jelly. Apply, rubbing gently, to both sides of the affected neg. Again, don't rub too hard for fear of adding more scratches. Too great a build-up of petroleum jelly will create densities that print through as light lines.

Joy: This liquid dish detergent is adequately pure to be used as a water dispersal agent substituting for Photo-Flo. When lemon scent was added to the product, I felt it might end its suitability for the darkroom. Happily, the lemon doesn't seem to hurt a bit.

Use it as you would any commercially prepared wetting agent and you'll save a few pennies.

Rubber cement thinner: This is a relatively strong solvent that breaks down any number of gummy residues. For instance, some dry-mount materials leave a waxy stain on the print surface; the thinner readily absorbs this without harming the print surface.

Rubber cement: Rubber cement (also called paper cement) is a perfect frisket (masking fluid) material. You can create some unusual print effects by daubing the cement on the enlarging paper before exposure. The cement can also prevent developer from working on the paper surface. In other words, you'll get normal densities where there was no cement and clear white where the cement was applied. Peel off before fixing.

Liquid shoe polish: These polishes come in a variety of shades and colors, but I have limited my use of them to the black, white, and brown. For exhibit purposes, I usually mount prints flush on double-weight board. After trimming, the edges of the cardboard mount will show through. For dark (or deep, moody) prints, I prefer to darken the edges with the black shoe polish. I used to use Magic Markers, but I find the polish works better and costs less. White is used for high-key prints and brown on warm-tone and sepia prints.



A little housecleaning inside your camera body helps prevent film scratches and static electricity buildups. Moisten wad of cotton in alcohol, squeeze till slightly damp, gently swab pressure plate, film tracks, etc.



Trichloroethylene is a bit more powerful as a cleaning agent than carbon tetrachloride. Moisten a cotton wad and gently clean camera exteriors or other such surfaces that are gummy from oily deposits.



There are a number of expensive liquids, such as film cleaner, anti-stat solution, baby oil, etc., that are kept in use in the darkroom. To minimize the danger of spilling these liquids on negatives or such, set the bottle into a broad base like this old film box. Trace the shape of the bottle base into the cardboard and cut it out.



Exhibit prints look richer and more professional when their edges are stained to match the tone of the photograph. Liquid shoe polish works well for doing this. Use the dauber that comes on the bottle or fashion one of your own from a piece of heavy felt. Be careful not to use an excess or it may stain.



Baby oil can be used as a medium for lessening the appearance of negative scratches on prints. Drop just enough onto your fingertip to moisten it. Rub the index finger and thumb together to spread the oil. Gently rub onto the negative surface, using the pad portion of each fingertip. Then, using your index and middle fingers as a squeegee, smooth the oil across the backing and emulsion sides of the neg. Make sure the oil is applied evenly. Otherwise, it will print as a streak pattern.

Petroleum jelly has long been used as an agent to relieve negative scratches. Insert your index finger into the bottle to pick up a bit. Rub it between your index finger and thumb to liquefy it. Then apply it in a stroking motion to both surfaces of the affected negative. Make a squeegee with your index and middle fingers and slide them across the negative a couple of times. If it isn't completely smooth, it will print through.

The Print Prospectors





We dig for the facts and talk to the people behind the photographic gold rush

By JACOB DESCHIN

The photographic collecting market took a sudden spurt in breadth and pace during 1975. With a rush that brought 1849 to mind, art galleries came into a field that only months before had been largely the province of galleries specializing in photography. And as control of available collectibles fell into the hands of moneyed interests, friction inevitably arose between suppliers and the photographic galleries.

A key aspect of the situation: prominent photographers in this country and abroad were being wooed and won over from the photo galleries with remunerative contracts and terms that the photo galleries could not possibly meet. To serve the demands of their clients, therefore, the only recourse the gallery directors now seemed to have was to buy their supplies from the new owners and, in consequence, share the commission with them.

In a recent interview with Lee D. Witkin, who started his now famous photography gallery on New York's E. 60th Street in 1969 and rapidly achieved success, renown, followers, and imitators around the country, I found him sharply critical of Harry Lunn, the Washington dealer in prints and photographs, in whom he saw the leading architect of the new approach in merchandising photographs.

"Harry Lunn represents to me all that is wrong with the art world," Witkin says. "He's in it for money; he's really a businessman. He wants to tie everything up."

"Harry Lunn can hurt me enough in the open marketplace and the auction rooms because he can always pay more than I can. He can hurt me in that he can go to somebody and say, 'I'll pay you more than Witkin. But there are some people who don't sell out for money. There are an awful lot of people who will stay by me because Lunn won't want them. They're not big money, but I'll continue to get material through private sources.'"

I had a glimpse into the attitude on "the other side," in the course of a brief interview (one of several) I had with Lunn at the Marlborough Gallery, one of his clients, in which the gallery's photography curator, Paul Katz,

"After all, in the long run they are all images, artistic images, whether a brush or a camera is used. There's a certain feeling in the air as if a new movement has arrived."—*Conrad Janis*

participated. I said that someone had brought up the accusation that there was a "conspiracy" to raise print prices.

Said Lunn: "There's no need to have a conspiracy; there's too much going on; no one can in any sense control it all, or even parts of it."

Katz: "What is changing is that Witkin is losing Bill Brandt, he's losing Berenice Abbott, etc. What is really happening is that we're beginning to see that each one of these people is a very formidable figure, and they can't be dealt with like they were in the past. You have to deal with them almost the way you deal with major artists. You have to make a commitment."

Lunn: "They are major artists. You have to deal with them the way expensive painters are dealt with. Look, after all, dealing in art only became a business in the 1960s. In the 1950s, any of the people who were not getting extraordinary sums of money were delighted to get \$200 for a painting and take the art work out of the loft and get rid of them so they could work on something else. To a degree, it's taken just a little bit longer for the artist whose medium was photography for his work to appreciate in value in a commercial sense commensurate with the importance of the work. I don't expect Witkin to comment on how Harry Lunn is doing the right thing."

Katz: "But there's still plenty of room for Witkin to operate in. There's lots of material that's best dealt with in that kind of setting."

Lunn put in that he was arranging an exhibition at the Nantenshi, one of the modern art galleries in Tokyo, "because I thought there's potentially a tremendous collector's market there. What other country in the world apart

from here or the like in Germany is more camera-mad than Japan? So I'm doing what is potentially a rather speculative exhibition in a commercial gallery, probably the first important commercial photographic exhibition there. Now this is the way my mind works. I'm not asking other people to do the same thing; it just happens to intrigue me and be the way I want to operate, and if people want to throw stones at me for doing that, ha ha, I could care. I'm doing what I'm confident of doing. I don't expect everyone else to run a business the same way I do, and I'm not about to tell anyone what they ought to do. I'm not happy sort of sitting in the back room smoking my pipe and waiting for people to come in and quietly discover the things that I've discovered because I've been around the art world long enough to know that's not the way things work."

Katz: "In photography, there's a feeling that it's a very pure thing and that any hint of commerce—it began with the Photo Secession—sullies it."

Lunn: "Bullshit. Stieglitz on the one hand didn't want it sullied, but on the other hand was annoyed that people didn't buy."

Katz: "Witkin has had a very good situation until now. For a while he had almost everybody. Photographers now will have more money than they've ever had before, and it will be good for the gallery."

This conversation took place hurriedly on the eve of Lunn's departure for Tokyo and the Cologne Trade Fair. I phoned him the day after he returned to his gallery in Washington. He was disturbed, he said, that "there's an awful lot of personal backbiting going on [in the field] and I've heard some really disconcerting things. I regard this as a

very important field, too important to be left to a lot of jealous people. I'm trying to approach this field with a little bit of dignity because I regard the content of what we're dealing in as very important, and I don't mean to sound like a stuffed shirt about it, in terms of my own role, because I look with a good deal of humor at my own role. I'm trying to act very responsibly because there are very important artistic things here at stake as well as commercial, and when I go on a trip like this it's not running around the world huckstering photography. I've got some very important objectives in mind and one of them in relation to Japan is to begin to develop a commercial market there in rare photography and subsequently in contemporary photography which to a degree has not existed.

"I regard something like what Janis is doing, with the women's show, as extraordinarily good," Lunn continued, "because to me it means that a dealer who has had very good judgments in other fields is taking seriously an exhibition of very important photography, and I'm delighted at his entry into the field. Now I sometimes get the impression that some people seem to resent this sort of thing and I don't understand that. I would be unhappy if some schlock operation that had a reputation for dishonest and misleading dealing decided that photography was something they wanted to cash in on, but that's not Sidney Janis, nor is it Leo Castelli, nor is it Marlborough."

As for the trip abroad, essentially, he says, he went over for the Cologne Trade Fair to participate in that international art fair cooperatively with other European galleries, in effect taking space together. The galleries then did an exhibition in common on photography of the 1920s and 1930s. Marlborough and Sonnabend also were represented in that exhibition.

After Cologne, Lunn spent some time in Paris, Munich, and in other cities seeing clients, looking at material and doing some selling; he stopped briefly in Iran, then went on to Japan, where he set up two major shows that opened on November 25, the one, a survey, at the Nantenshi gallery in Tokyo, the other, a Walker Evans show, at the Tokyo College of Photography. The Nantenshi

KEY TO PICTURE, PRECEDING SPREAD

1. Arnold Crane, collector
2. Sam Wagstaff, collector
3. Tom Halsted, gallery owner-director
4. George Rinhart, wholesaler
5. Sidney Janis, gallery owner
6. Harry Lunn, dealer and gallery owner-director
7. Lee Witkin, gallery owner-director
8. Paul Katz, curator
9. Timothy Baum, dealer



\$35,000



Copy of daguerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe

"They're supposed to be pinnacles of knowledge, or what's significant in the arts. Well, what's significant in the arts to Marlborough is what they can sell."—James L. Enyeart

survey began with Talbot and ended with Bill Eggleston, whom Lunn represents. The showing in this important art gallery gave Lunn an opportunity to introduce photography to collectors in other fields. Most of the material is from his Washington gallery, and some was contributed from the Nantenshi Gallery's own collection.

During Lunn's absence in Europe, incidentally, I called his Washington gallery and chatted with his assistant, Maurizia Grossman, who said that Lunn also had plans for a show of Atgét material printed by Berenice Abbott for a Milan gallery, and some other shows were "in the works" for galleries in Paris and in London, either one-man or photographic history exhibitions. Altogether, Lunn's trip appeared to be a wide-ranging program in promoting exhibitions abroad.

"The galleries in Europe are doing well," Grossman commented. "Some have been in business for some time, others are just beginning to become aware of photography as an exhibition medium."

Witkin and Lunn got into photography on different levels, Lunn about two or three years later. Witkin started from scratch, one might say, with a \$6,000 investment and a \$200 rental that soon afterward went higher when he moved into quarters a short distance from his original shop on E. 60th Street. (He has since moved again, to an eighth floor gallery on Madison Avenue and 57th Street.) Lunn had been running Graphics International in Washington since 1968, selling fine prints and drawings out of a small Victorian house, when he dropped in one day on Robert Feldman at Parasol Press, publishers of portfolios, in New York. He was looking at some Henry Moore etchings there when he noticed a "rather remarkable photograph," one entitled "Moonrise over Madison, Mexico," which he was told was by one Ansel Adams, author also of the 10-print portfolio No. V, price \$1,500, prints \$150 each. That was 1971. In 1975 the price of an Adams photograph went up to \$800, and portfolio No VII (eleven photographs plus one Polaroid print) zoomed to \$10,000.

"I agreed on the spot to exhibit the

folio in my gallery that year," he told the audience at the *Art in America* symposium on collecting photographs held at Alice Tully Hall in New York City's Lincoln Center last year, "and in retrospect it was probably the most important decision I ever made with regard to the gallery. The critical and then public response to these 10 prints was really quite overwhelming. It surpassed anything, including the exhibit that we had six months earlier of Picasso's erotic prints from the series he did just before he died. We had 400 people that Saturday, and I was impressed by this not only because of the commercial response, but also because there was a whole new group of people, people who had never been in



Lee D. Witkin

the gallery before, and who responded to the exhibit on a number of interesting, different levels."

Witkin had come from a career as an editor, reporter, and photographer for a bi-weekly paper in the construction field, collecting art as an avocation. Following his friend George Tice's suggestion, he stocked his small gallery with photographic prints borrowed on consignment from several noted photographers, and he was on his way.

Others followed—Light Gallery, a privately subsidized institution on Madison Avenue; the Neikrug Galleries, a salon in Marge Neikrug's E. 68th Street brownstone, formerly specializing in art; the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, also on Madison Avenue, which has been handling fine art for years, along with photographs by such as Cameron, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Walker Evans, has added a separate gallery for photography on another floor; and numerous others in New York and around the country, from coast to coast.

And now a fresh phase of photographic collecting concern has ushered in a whole new class of entrepreneurs: the art galleries. It happened in 1975, beginning in earnest with the spectacular Richard Avedon show at the Marlborough Gallery in New York, and spreading. Avedon's unique, sometimes startling portraits of celebrities, some enlarged to mural dimensions, took the town by storm, with an invited guest audience at the preview totaling more than 3,000, and daily crowds for a week thereafter, the likes of which had not been seen for years.

The show that followed seemed, on the face of it—a selection of 45 photographs by Berenice Abbott, Bill Brandt, and Brassai—a letdown in terms of the space allowed it, but in a sense was more significant because it heralded the start of a continuing program of changing shows with a full-time curator, Paul Katz. In short, Marlborough had made a commitment to photography.

Some background

From Timothy Baum, poet, collector, and dealer, whom I met at The Witkin Gallery about the time I was preparing this article, I added background on Lunn, Julien Levy, auction practices, and more during two and one-half hours of nonstop dialogue about collecting.

Like Harry Lunn, Baum started with little money. Hired by "a very lovely lady with a Viennese accent" who had a gallery concession at Brentano's, "she taught me how to be a dealer without telling me what I was going to be dealing in," which, luckily, happened to be art.

"Harry started as a print dealer because he had artist friends. He had spent a lot of time in Europe; he married a lovely French lady and through friends in Paris he met some of the old publishers. At the time, he was selling real estate, but when his friends urged him to open a gallery because then 'we'll have at least one friend,' he agreed."

Later, Harry himself filled me in on biographical details. Born Harry H. Lunn on April 29, 1933, in Detroit, Mich., he lived and attended schools there until he enrolled at the University of Michigan in 1951, graduating in 1954 with the B.A. degree (honors) in economics. He was active in student politics at Michigan and was editor of the student newspaper,

The Michigan Daily, in 1953–1954.

He served as president of the U.S. National Student Association 1954–1955, then traveled abroad for USNSA 1955–1956. He was at Fort Benning for military service 1956–57, from which he was assigned to the Defense Department until 1963. From 1961 to 1963 he was at the U.S. Embassy in Paris, at which time began his interest in original prints. Returning from Paris in 1963, he began dealing privately in fine prints on a very limited basis. Transferred to the Agency for International Development (AID) in 1963, he served with it in Washington until 1965. He organized his first exhibitions at other galleries in that period.



Harry Lunn

From 1965 to 1968, he served in New York as executive secretary of the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs and intensified his activity in the print field in this period, deciding in 1968 to return to Washington and open a gallery. The Lunn Gallery opened in October, 1968, and Graphics International, Ltd., several years later for investment and publishing projects.

He added photography to his exhibition schedule in a showing of the Ansel Adams *Portfolio V* published in late 1970. Adams' exhibition at the gallery in January, 1971, was a success, according to Lunn, and was followed by exhibitions of Walker Evans, Man Ray, Brassai, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Bill Brandt, Lewis Hine, Laura Gilpin, and a major historical survey in the winter of 1972.

"He came from a real Grant Wood background," Baum continued, "American grain, rigid upbringing. He fits into photography very well because *real* American grain photographers are the

\$3,500



Julia Margaret Cameron: "Summer Days," c. 1885-86

"90 percent of the stuff I have is what I call junk, but what is junk today can be collectible at some future time."—George Rinhart

backbone of American photography. I mean, most are clean-cut Americans—Walker Evans, Edward Weston, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen—they are part of something very vital, and it still lives on."

The name of Julien Levy came up during the Baum interview in connection with his short-lived photography gallery in New York in the early '30s.

"Julien Levy showed everybody who was good in the '30s; he had shows of almost every important American photographer. He had Walker Evans at least twice, Helen Levitt, Cartier-Bresson, Man Ray, Bill Brandt, Berenice Abbott. He was for me a mentor even before I ever knew him because this is the man who brought surrealism—my specialty—to America in the 1930s."

Baum referred to the Parke-Bernet auction in February, 1975, where a gravure of Stieglitz' "Steerage" was bought for \$4,500 by an unnamed collector, neither Lunn or Rinhart.

"But there's one catch. When the gravure came up again at the September sale, it went for \$2,800 and I said to Lunn, because he's my friend, 'Jesus, man, I was a little bit surprised when I read that in Europe.' I said, 'How come you didn't, in fact, bid it up higher,' and Lunn said, 'Why should I?' I said, 'Well, somebody who might be a real collector, he's just dropped 40 percent of his money in less than six months. Doesn't he feel a little stupid?' Lunn: 'Oh, you can't look at it that way because it was a different audience,' and I said, 'Yeah, but it's the same print. It's just another "Steerage" almost in similar condition. At least, there was nothing in the catalog to say otherwise. I just know that in the same room and in the same city, the same weather conditions, this thing just went down \$1,700 for no reason that as a dealer I can explain to my own clients.'

"The thing to do was to have signaled a friend in the audience to bid it up against me, and I'll buy it and I'll eat it and some day I'll make a profit; maybe I'll just get my money back, but I'd never let it look bad at that sale. I really feel, I don't care what your product is, you've got to back it up."

There are many people who resent what they call high prices charged by

dealers, I said.

"They're afraid," Baum said. "A lot of people resent out of fear and also they resent out of jealousy, and they had a chance to buy it a year before and they didn't and now it's high. There's a lovely book called *Mr. Knife and Miss Fork* that was published in the 1930s and it has 19 plates called photograms by Max Ernst and illustrated by a surrealist called Creville and for the longest time a particular book dealer was asking \$400 for it and for a long time I kept offering him \$200 and \$300 because I didn't want to pay \$400 because I thought the price was outrageous, and it was, but this summer I bought it for \$2,800, only two and one-half years later."

Well, I said, this kind of thing is for



Timothy Baum

people who are well-heeled.

"Or know how to love," Baum retorted. "I have traveled all through the night by auto and train to get to a particular place to buy a certain book I wanted. Actually, it happened two weeks ago in France. It was a series of dada documents and was certainly worth no more than \$1,000, but they were very rare; I can't find such things easily. I heard they were in such and such a place, but I couldn't get the guy on the phone and I knew that somebody would come in and buy them as soon as the dealer put them in the window. I traveled on Sunday and he wouldn't open until Monday, so there was that chance, and it worked."

"This is the kind of commitment and enthusiasm I appreciate. Scott Elliott has this enthusiasm; he's a pretty heavy guy, but he's crawled around on my floor with me looking for something; you'd think they were contact lenses, but they were 10 little photographs or etchings by Max Ernst or something, and there's

nothing more important and if someone is saying dinner is ready you can't hear them. Without a few clients like that, I couldn't have done too well. I wonder if those now going into photography know what they're doing. I'm not sure whether, with the exception of Witkin and Rinhart in his 19th century area, and Lunn, who is learning as much as he can in a hurry, that there's anybody else who knows anything about it."

George Rinhart, wholesaler

George Rinhart, who characterizes himself as the "wholesaler" in the photo-print field and lives in Litchfield, Conn., with an apartment in New York, works closely with Harry Lunn. "We're partners on many collections," he says. How closely they work together may be indicated by the frequent telephone communication between them when Lunn went to Europe.

"I try to keep up with him as he travels," Rinhart says. "He flew yesterday morning to Teheran, he's in Iran now, flew there from Milano. He's been in Vienna; I spoke to him the other night in Munich, and three nights before that in Paris, and now he's on his way to Tokyo to set up a historical show there."

Rinhart also works with Sam Wagstaff, "one of the few private clients that I have because Sam has an eye, he has intelligence, he knows what he's doing and he has the means to collect. Sam is the classic collector; he buys and he buys and he understands what he's buying. He's a walking connoisseur and he has I think one of the great eyes."

Rinhart says he provides Lunn material at wholesale and also deals with Robert Schoelkopf in New York and Alice Adam at the Frumkin Gallery in Chicago.

"I'm working more and more on the large collections, and most recently in the field of stereo views, which I think are the greatest thing in photography, telling more effectively the history and the sociology of the world than any other photographic medium. As a businessman, I see the stereo field as the biggest thing in photography today."

Rinhart says he prefers the role of wholesaler to being a dealer. In the retail business, the dealer must put up with "a lot of nonsense from people who are not sophisticated nor intelligent enough to

\$4,000



Alfred Stieglitz: "The Steerage"

"Two years ago I had plenty of great material, and not enough customers. Now I have customers and I have a hard time finding the same quality material that I had two years ago."—*Scott Elliott*

know what they're doing. In photography, if a person comes to buy from me, I expect that man or woman to be sophisticated enough about photography to know what it's all about, to have a good eye, a good aesthetic sense, a good historical sense and to understand something about the market and what he or she is getting into. But as a retail gallery owner, you have to put up with people who come in to get a course in collecting because they have nothing else to do on a rainy day. I would rather be the wholesaler to the field, to call Harry Lunn and say I've just gotten this enormous collection of such and such and I'd like you to handle it, or call Bob Schoelkopf or Alice Adam to handle it, because I think these are going to be three of the major forces in the collecting merchandising field."

His warehouse in Litchfield houses more than 200,000 photographs, Rinhart says, "more photographs than are owned by any other individual; 90 percent of the stuff I have there is what I call junk, but what is junk today can be collectible at some future time." The famous Edgar Allan Poe daguerreotype that is reputed to have been bought by Rinhart originally for \$9,500 at a Chicago auction, later sold for \$18,750 to Scott Elliott, then for double that to another buyer who is presumed to be Arnold H. Crane, the Chicago collector.

"On the Poe incident, people have attacked me and said it was a conspiracy," Rinhart said. "In the first place, I wanted it—as a dealer I've possessed just about every major photographic item there is, from 'The Pencil of Nature,' Barnard sets galore, the Gardner sketch book, the first daguerreotype of an anesthesia operation, the one that was missing for 100 years. The only doubt I have about the Poe daguerreotype is the question of how much it ultimately sold for. Crane now owns it."

Is Sam Wagstaff on the prowl for material on his own?

"Oh, yes. I have supplied him with more material than any other dealer. He is the outstanding active collector, just as Crane is the seasoned collector."

Rinhart deplored the prevailing ignorance of collectors in the field, and at the last Parke-Bernet auction, as at the Strober auction [Feb. 7, 1970], "I sat

there in incredulity as certain things went for absurdly low prices. At this stage, in 1975, you'd think because of the exposure and the momentum we would have a level of sophistication and education about photography to see things at their proper values."

What would he suggest to the new collector?

That he first read in the field, go to a knowledgeable dealer, ask his advice, go to exhibitions, read, learn, study. Photography today, Rinhart says, is probably the best buy that people can get into if they buy intelligently, with taste, and have the proper dealer to help guide them.

Does he have a staff in Litchfield?

"I have a good assistant, who is



George Rinhart

working on his doctorate, in part in the history of American photography. I'm considering hiring another man if I don't have enough time to put together the wholesale aspects of the business. I usually have about four people on the payroll at any given time, but I've had as many as six or seven, and as few as two and three."

Rinhart said leadership is lacking in the history of photography, that Beaumont Newhall's history is a primer at best and that he does not consult either Newhall or Gernsheim; "these are for beginners; I have to go back to the journals. When I need information about a particular photograph, I may run through 15 different journals for say the year 1893, then for the three years before that, and the three years after, to pinpoint the information." Rinhart has put together a personal reference library on photography totaling about 7,000 volumes; it goes back to prephotography and to the present, and tries to have

every journal issued anywhere in the world, in French and German as well as in English. That's his history of photography, he says, and the man who runs his office helps catalog the collection.

On the famous bid of \$4,500 for Stieglitz's "Steerage," bid up from \$1,500, doesn't a jump like that give rise to suspicion?

"I believe 'Steerage' should not have gone to \$4,500. We've never met the man who bought it; I don't even know his name, but I understand he was a print collector from the Midwest. He wanted it, evidently there was another man who wanted it, and I presume that this was the man who paid \$2,800 for it at the next sale. Soon after the sale, I was offered a 'Steerage' for \$2,800, strangely enough, and I said, that's what it's worth, not \$4,500."

Rinhart said that he has sold his Walker Evans holdings to Harry Lunn, retaining a personal collection of 50 prints. Lunn, Schoelkopf, and Adam are the middle people; they are the ones from whom sundry institutions buy. The line of supply is from Rinhart to Lunn to the art dealers. The other photo dealers still buy directly from Rinhart, "the ones I have chosen to deal with."

George Rinhart came by collecting through a combination of inheritance and instinct. The son of Floyd and Marion Rinhart, authors of *American Daguerreian Art* (New York: Crown, 1967), who assembled a fine private collection of early American photography, including daguerreotypes and ambrotypes, Rinhart got into dealing and collecting photographica seriously in February of 1970, at about 25. While other boys in the neighborhood were swapping penknives for pet frogs, he was collecting sea shells (at age four), stamps (at age six), coins (at age eight), and at age 13 paid 35 cents for a Civil War ferrotype of a baby, his first purchase of an antique photograph, under the mistaken notion that it was a daguerreotype.

Rinhart's first big transaction, he recalls, "was probably the Rand collection, the Lincoln conspiracy album with all the hanging scenes. I found an album of prints by John Thomson, author of *Street Life in London*, actually 176 prints, and paid \$57.50 for it,

realizing 100 times that price only a year later. An especially satisfying discovery was the 1850 daguerreotype showing a reenactment of the demonstration of ether anesthesia in the operating room of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Finding the original was the thrill of a lifetime."

Crane continues to be one of Rinhart's best customers. Rinhart sold him a large collection of daguerreotypes he collected over a four-year period for a "large five-figure price." "Today I'd pay him twice what he paid me for them, but he won't let go of them. Why did I sell them in the first place? The dealer instinct in me, I guess."

Enter, the art galleries

With the sudden accelerated interest in photography on the part of the art galleries, the collecting field was given a new impetus (some even go as far as to refer to photography as "a new art form"). One theory advanced for the rush to collecting photographs is that with art objects in scarce supply and in consequence fetching fantastically high prices, photography is now in demand as an attractive alternative, not only because "there is money in it now," but also because old photographs have become fashionable to collect.

Moreover, although the individual items have been traditionally inexpensive, the prices have now risen to the point where selling photographs has become practical at last for an art gallery to handle. To process 1,000 photographs, with all the bookkeeping involved, an art dealer would have to spend say \$7,000 for every \$10,000 in sales, according to one art dealer.

Photography had to reach a point where it could yield a reasonable return for the investment and sales effort involved.

"The minute the prices started to get up there and you found that some images were selling for \$1,000 each, then it became worthwhile; so it has been a kind of evolutionary thing," according to this dealer. "The thing that makes it all worthwhile is the rarity of some of the items. Take Moholy-Nagy's work; it almost doesn't exist, so that when it does surface, the prices rise to levels where dealing in these items becomes profitable and possible."

SPRING 1976

\$200



E. J. Bellocq: from the series of photographs
"rescued" from the past by Lee Friedlander

"There is 10 times as much interest as there ever was, and a lot more people are collecting and a lot more museums showing work, but I don't think it's quite to the peak people think it is."—Tom Halsted

Janis Gallery's debut

When the San Francisco Museum of Art failed to find a New York museum to show its "Women of Photography: An Historical Survey" exhibition, it turned to one of the city's leading art galleries to do the honors, namely the Sidney Janis, which converted its entire gallery space to accommodate the ladies. It was the prestigious gallery's first all-photography show. The gallery saw the show as an opportunity to kick off its projected photography program on a grand scale, just as the Marlborough had used its Avedon extravaganza in a similar gesture two months before. The 257-print exhibition was to run for the month of December, to be followed in February with another large



Sidney Janis

photographic exhibition, the 150-print "Great Photographs of Great Artists," going back to the Nadar portrait of Delacroix.

"We are probably the single most important art gallery of the last 30 years in terms of influence," Conrad Janis, son of Sidney, who will be 80 in 1976, told me. "My father handled all the abstract expressionists at the gallery—Pollock, de Kooning, Kline, Rothko in the 1950s. In the early 1960s we had the first comprehensive international exhibition of pop art—in fact, the whole pop art explosion dates from that show, in 1962. My father was then the dean of art dealers of the world, and when he showed pop art, that put the stamp of approval on it. He is also the pioneer in the sharp-focus realist movement, where they paint from photographs."

The Janis has had smaller photography shows in the past, but always in conjunction with art. The orientation of the gallery has been painting and sculpture and in 1966 the

gallery did a show called "Erotic Art", in which there was a good deal of photography. The gallery also presented "Homage to Marilyn Monroe" around the same time, on the fifth anniversary of her death, plus a number of other exhibits using photography—work by Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Max Ernst.

"We know Harry Lunn," Conrad Janis continued, "and we may be borrowing some things from him; he's not connected with the gallery, but we like him and we may be borrowing some portraits of artists for our next show. But there is no connection other than the sort we would have with any other gallery. Marlborough has a working liaison with Lunn, I understand, and they own things in conjunction with him, and so on. I just want to make it clear that there is no business relationship with him on our part other than the normal course of commercial transaction."

Conrad Janis, now a professional actor on Broadway, was an independent press photographer in the 1940s—lugging a 4x5 Speed Graphic around for the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Herald Examiner*—and a student of photographic history. His father was a great collector and on the advisory committee of the Museum of Modern Art for years before he opened his gallery in 1948. At that time, he gave his entire collection of 109 paintings to the museum—Picasso, Mondrian, Leger, Klee, Kandinsky, Braque, Matisse, and more.

"I think it's terribly exciting that this whole explosion is going on," he said. "I think all this competition is very healthy. Witkin has a fantastic knowledge, a great knowledge of the field, and he will always be able to go his own way. I imagine that some of the marketing techniques will be the same as with painting. After all, in the long run they are all images, artistic images, whether a brush or a camera is used. There's a certain feeling in the air as if a new movement has arrived, and somehow the history of the world is beginning to catch up with the contribution of photography."

In Chicago, it's the Frumkin

The kinship of prints and photographs appears to have been the motive for Alice Adam, director and partner in the

Allan Frumkin Gallery of Chicago, to add photography in 1972. Harry Lunn had suggested it might not be a bad idea and when she agreed he helped her put on her first show that year, a historical exhibition. Earlier, she had worked with Scott Elliott in the print field, buying things with him; he also got into photography, setting up shop on Madison Avenue in New York, in which he dealt in both mediums. Later, because of rising maintenance costs, he closed the shop, but more recently reopened as a smaller gallery at another location under the firm name Helios.

Initially and during the first two or three years of selling photographs at Frumkin's, Adam was just breaking about even, but in 1975 business



Alice Adam

somehow tripled: "This is the first year that I actually made money in photography."

She shows photographs regularly, every six weeks a new exhibition. When I spoke with her in 1975, she had an Arnold Genthe show on the walls; before that, Margaret Bourke-White, and before that, Walker Evans. Her next show was to be Roger Fenton, after its run at the Schoelkopf Gallery in New York.

"I get most of Schoelkopf's shows; they come from George Reinhart and we work closely together. I prefer to deal with people who have successful galleries, such as Schoelkopf's; they are experienced and are broad-minded."

Does she buy independently, on her own, as well as through Harry Lunn and others?

"Oh, yes, I buy at auctions privately all the time; I supply myself as well as getting material from Schoelkopf and George Reinhart, but I like to work with people who are active in the field; they can help each other, and do. I wouldn't

\$600



Eugene Atget: the steps at Versailles

have had the Margaret Bourke-White show if I had not known Schoelkopf; he is a very knowledgeable and helpful guy. All the dealers who are smart are working together. Occasionally, I also deal with Light Gallery in New York.

"All the print dealers and the curators are more or less involved in photography, too. And so we don't have to create the photography clients from the start; we already have the museums for our customers. You sort of add photography to your other activities as another art form on the same level, simply giving them something else to buy."

Adam sells primarily to museums, universities, and other such institutions, but also has some private collectors.

"Private people are extremely insecure and unless they see things hanging in museums, which they will and do, they will not buy photography. I deal mostly in 19th and early 20th century material."

Has she tried to do anything with, or have the museums expressed any interest in the new people, the contemporaries?

Early in the game, Adam has learned,

as Witkin did practically at the start of his career, that people ask for and buy names, work by well-established photographers.

"Nobody wants the unknowns; they want names—that's the game."

Color portfolio program of Sonnabend

At the Sonnabend Gallery at 420 W. Broadway, the director, Ealan Wingate, disclosed his intention to publish photographic portfolios, the first to be in color by David Hockney, a British pop artist who had been taking photographs privately but had never exhibited—only his friends knew of his activity in this field.

"We're doing it with dye transfer at Berkey K+L color labs," he said. "We might be doing several for publication at the same time. The Hockney portfolio will consist of 20 photographs of still life, boys swimming in a pool, all straight photography, no tricky darkroom work, and it should be out in January, although this is not an absolute date as there might be a delay because Hockney will have to come to this country to check on the printing at K+L." It is expected that the Hockney portfolio will sell for \$2,000,

which comes to \$100 a print.

"We're confident, and Ken Lieberman of K+L is confident, that dye transfer is the most stable of our possible choices to make a portfolio in color," Wingate said. "After Hockney's portfolio is published, there will be others, plans for which have not yet been pinned down."

Much of the work shown at the gallery deals with the photographic image, but not always in the manner of bona fide photographers, Wingate said. "The photographic image began for us in painting with people like Andy Warhol and Robert Rauschenberg, using the silk screen technique. Around the mid-1960s, some artists appeared suddenly who used photography as documentation, a kind of pictorial report of an artistic activity or other creation that was photographed and later shown as a document of the performance."

"Later, because of the beauty of the images, we became involved with certain works of photography, such as those of August Sander, Horst, Cecil Beaton, and George Hoyningen-Huene. At one point, we had two galleries in New York, one up on Madison Avenue, then this location in SoHo and for a

"There's no need to have a conspiracy; there's too much going on; no one can in any sense control it all, or even parts of it."—Harry Lunn

while it became confusing and time-consuming because of the travel up and downtown. Photography came into the planning in such instances as, say, when we had an exhibition of vases of the 1920s and 1930s; we also showed Sander's photographs because they were from the same period. The uptown gallery was closed in late spring of 1973 after a life of three to four years."

The galleries are owned by husband-and-wife Michael and Ileana Sonnabend, who also own a gallery in Paris. Before setting up the galleries, the Sonnabends were very much involved with art as collectors and supporters and champions of certain artists' work. Michael also was active in educational filmmaking in Hollywood.



Ealan Wingate

Ealan Wingate saw the movement in photographic collecting as "a great liberating force; I collect photographs myself and I think it's interesting what's happening in that there has been some common effort by people involved in photography to present it on its own best terms." He applauded the Witkin Gallery as an art gallery where a photographer can be seen to advantage and show through his pictures what he and they are all about.

Growing demand, shrinking supply

Scott Elliott, Madison Avenue dealer mainly in increasingly rare 19th century material, raised a question that appears to concern others as well, and that was the imminent scarcity of material to offer and sell.

"Two years ago, I had plenty of great material, and not enough customers," he told me recently. "Now I have customers and I have a hard time finding the same quality material that I had two years ago. The material simply is not

around any more. I had P.H. Emerson platinum prints and I had great Camerons and I had Steichens, and so on. When people want to buy it now, I don't have it to sell. It's not impossible to get, but harder—there's not enough material to supply the current demand."

He wondered how Marlborough, for example, can possibly sustain the kind of volume of business they have to without trying to create new markets for prints.

"In other words, they have Berenice Abbott now, and Bill Brandt and Avedon, all this stuff, but they're going to have to build up a much greater volume of inventory and I don't know if there's that much of this stuff on the market."

When Elliott opened his shop about two years ago, it was in the role of a dealer in art prints and "high-quality photographic vintage prints" where "you've got to really struggle to find one great piece for a certain client (there's just so much of it around). People continue to publish things in portfolios to supply the demand, but there are collectors who won't have anything whatsoever to do with posthumously printed images. They want only great vintage things of the 19th and 20th centuries." And since Elliott and other dealers in his class serve only such clients, "we'll have to part company with the people who publish and are trying to do a big volume thing. In order to supply galleries like Marlborough with prints to sell, there has to be publication, as in the case of the Walker Evans portfolios" that were produced shortly before his death. The business will go in two different directions, Elliott said, just as in the print business. "There are a handful of print dealers who deal in very fine, very rare master prints, and then there are all the rest who deal in the big flashy commercial prints. The Avedon stuff has to be made to order, the Bill Brandt stuff to my knowledge isn't vintage stuff—I think it's stuff that's being produced now. The Berenice Abbott material is mostly vintage, but they'll run out of that soon enough."

And how about the gravures that were tipped into issues of *Camera Work* and are now being removed from the pages by collectors and sold as original prints at steadily rising prices? Because of their finite number, these too will

become scarce, Elliott predicted.

"Ten years from now, I will get one gravure every month or two to sell and I'll consider myself lucky at that. After several years certain clients begin to sell off certain things and hopefully they will go back to the dealer they are most satisfied with and so I feel if I keep my customers satisfied they will ultimately be my sources."

Stimulation from the press

Janet Lehr, New York dealer who came to photography from the field of early American art, finds the print field stimulated by press reports and commentary, such as Richard Blodgett's in *The New York Times* last fall.

"The Times' articles have aroused the interest of people who are generally art-minded, and perhaps had not realized what was happening in the past four or five years, but with the advent of those Blodgett articles (on the 'boom' in print selling) they've all been coming around."

As a dealer "handling large quantities of material, I find new people coming to me who are extremely aware of art and have been buying art for years." These are her clientele, she stressed, "the experienced art buyer (rather than) the neophyte, the first-time buyer."

Lehr generally makes it a practice to buy quantities of material and put it away rather than taking it on consignment, as some other dealers do.

There's enormous value in this approach, and "I'm willing to put my money into it. Otherwise, you don't have control over the material, and if you really think it's valuable you want to own it. Your inventory is what's going to make it successful, but you have to buy keenly, so when people come to buy they know that 100 percent of what they see is going to be good material."

"I have material from 1839 to the present; it is not so extensive a period that I can't cover it all. I've been buying photography now for about 15 years, and for myself for the last five years as a business. I have probably the largest collection of John Thomson material extant, everything he has done so far as the loose prints are concerned, and about 60 Coburns. The clients who have been with me four or five years are doing very nicely."

The one-photographer gallery

The Gruenebaum Gallery, Ltd. on E. 77th Street in New York has a one-man commitment to photography, namely the work of Max Waldman, mainly theatrical photography, which was exhibited at the gallery last December.

"I have a different concept in this area," Gruenebaum said. "I believe Mr. Waldman's work is so closely related to painting that rather than go into the whole spectrum of photography, I would have just the one artist. I'm basically a gallery that has painting and sculpture and I prefer to have what I consider the one man that comes closest in my estimation to that type of work. I'd rather have him be the main man here than have him be one of 15 in a photography gallery. This is his first exhibition here. When I was introduced to him, I saw the possibilities immediately. After the December show, his work will be on hand at the gallery all the time selling in the range of \$250."

Later I talked with Waldman: "A friend of mine had an exhibition at the Gruenebaum Gallery, which I attended. The director had seen my pictures and expressed a desire to show them and handle them, so now there is an exclusive arrangement with me for the showing and sale of my pictures at his gallery."

After the December showing, the exhibition was to go to the Panopticon Gallery in Boston. "As in all galleries, when an artist is handled on an exclusive basis by one gallery, then anybody else has to split the fee with the original gallery."

Support for young photographers

Carlton Willers was a one-time assistant to Edward Steichen during the preparation of "The Family of Man" exhibition and before that assistant to Romana Javitz of the print collection at The New York Public Library. Today, he runs a small gallery on E. 69th Street, New York, under the name of Carlton Gallery. He has put up three photography shows in his fourth year in the gallery business. One was by Josef Koudelka, the Czech photographer whose first book of photographs was recently published by Aperture, another by Henri Cartier-Bresson, followed by a showing of Cartier's drawings in the

\$600



Brassai

"I sensed in Janis and Marlborough the excitement of an entrepreneur who sees in photography a chance to make some more money. They obviously are not selling paintings the way they used to."—Robert Schoelkopf

spring of 1975.

Observing the feverish activity on the current scene in the photo-print field, Carlton recalls that only five years ago "people were paying more for prints than they were paying for original art, thousands of dollars for prints, etchings, lithographs, silk screen, and then the bottom fell out of that market." He's wondering whether that might not happen sooner than we think in the photo-print market, partly because material is becoming less and less available.

"Why are art galleries taking in photography? I was surprised that Marlborough was. They really don't need it; it's like pushing things a bit far. It's obvious they're doing it because



Carlton Willers

photographs at the moment are selling well.

"A gallery is not a department store—you have a lot of stuff that's moving fast. I don't feel that that's the purpose of a gallery at all. You have to show work by well-known photographers, of course, because that's what sells, but at the same time you have an obligation as a gallery to show the work of younger photographers as well. If you don't try to balance things, show the work of younger photographers along with better-known work, who would ever become known among the new people? The scene would become unhealthy, decadent; there would be no new voices, and the purpose of a gallery would be defeated."

Nevertheless, that's where the emphasis is today. Name photographers sell. Lunn epitomizes this whole situation, this mood. "I think," Carlton says, "we'll have to credit him with raising the prices; it's good for business

and the photographer gets a better return for his work. It's a case of making money, thinking in terms not of helping the medium and encouraging talented young photographers, but what will sell, and no doubt about it, names sell."

Carlton thinks the present widening interest in collecting photographs is long overdue. The situation is becoming increasingly critical in the colleges and universities as new photo departments are opening up and the need for books and pictures to provide teaching materials grows apace.

"I've talked to a number of people who teach courses in photography and they tell me that when they want to begin a department of photography, they find there are no books on photography in the library at all and they have to out and look for a nucleus of books and prints to begin with."

Tom Halsted, "Yankee Peddler"

Tom Halsted, who owns the Halsted 831 Gallery in Birmingham, Mich., is sort of a Yankee peddler in the field, like the itinerant salesmen of miscellaneous household wares in early New England, except that he carries far more precious matter—rare photographic prints—and his customers usually are the museums and other institutions in middle America. Located in a relatively out of the way place, rather than in such a big city as New York, Chicago, or Boston, "we have to really travel and seek people out; we cannot expect them to come to us."

Now 38, married and with two children, Halsted started with a capital of \$2,300 in 1969 ("nothing even then"), with some guidance from Witkin, who was then only starting his own place. Originally, the gallery was housed in "a sort of Victorian house" and "when it burned down, we moved to where we are now in Birmingham."

A commercial photographer at the time, he divided his time between building the gallery business and doing photographic assignments, three-fourths of the time shooting. Gradually, as business began to develop, the percentages were reversed and he began spending all his time with the business. Now he doesn't do any photography at all; the gallery has become a full-time thing, and for the last

three years he has not even had time for teaching—the history of photography and advertising photography—that he used to do to help meet expenses of home and gallery. His wife, Carol, teaches modern dancing at nearby Oak University, and that helps.

He now has an assistant, Peter Magill, a graduate of Wesleyan, who also travels but stays behind to take care of the gallery when Halsted is away on a selling trip.

"I used to take four or five cases of prints and go to places like St. Louis and Toledo and Denver, wherever the need is. Somebody asks for us, or we hear about people who are collecting and go to them with pictures. We handle 19th century and 20th century prints, but are



Tom Halsted

also selling more contemporary work than we ever have—people like Steve Shore, Diane Arbus. We've just had a show of 13 contemporary photographers, including Geoff Winningham, Garry Winogrand, Duane Michals, and Emmett Gowin. We are Cole Weston's representatives in the Midwest, and now have a contract: Lee Witkin has the East Coast to the Midwest; and I have the Midwest, really to California, but in California Maggie Weston, Cole's former wife, has the Weston Gallery in Carmel, the West Coast's newest gallery, handling four photographers: Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, Cole Weston, Wynn Bullock, who died recently, and Dennis Brokaw.

"We're going to have a series of speakers, trying to do that more and more, as there is a large educational job to be done in this rapidly growing field if people are to buy intelligently."

How does he feel about the art galleries getting into the field?

"I think that a lot of them are trying to

make photography a very high-priced commodity and that's going to drive certain people away."

Wasn't that Lunn's approach when he started in photography?

"Yes, pretty much, I think. He wants to make it an expensive medium. We have basically three main classes of customers: the museums, the individual collector, and colleges and universities."

How does he make out with the young people in college who are interested in collecting? They don't have too much money.

"They generally collect just 20th century stuff or just one area, because that's as much as they can handle with the limited budget they have at their disposal. To try to get into Cameron and Hill in the 19th century is kind of hard. But I think some of them are managing to find more money." Incidentally, Halsted represents August Sander, the German photographer, in the United States exclusively. His contract is with Gunther Sander, son of the photographer.

Halsted says he's beginning to sell work by local regional photographers, which he finds a very exciting development, selling prints at \$50 and \$100. "They're basically unknown people and we can't justify charging much more."

Print prices generally are getting out of line, Halsted thought. "I think the money end has been a bit overplayed by the press. I think they're trying to plant the idea that everybody is rushing to buy photographs. There is 10 times as much interest as there ever was, and a lot more people are collecting and a lot more museums showing work, but I don't think it's quite to the peak people think it is."

A private dealer

Howard Daitz, private New York dealer, now 45 and putting full time into the business for close to four years to date, quit his law practice in order to concentrate on the collecting field. Thanks to his wife Evelyne, who works full time selling silver at Tiffany's, he says he is beginning to make it. He puts all his capital into the business and they live on what she earns. She's a painter, has a good eye, and eventually he hopes to have her working with him,

SPRING 1976

\$375



Andre Kertesz: from his series on Greenwich Village rooftops

"Almost as an afterthought, the museum gave him \$150 to buy as many Camerons as that sum would fetch. The man came back with 150!"

—A. Hyatt Mayor

because now, working by himself, he is involved with the bookkeeping end, packaging, shipping, etc. He has tried to simplify the routine by working on a cash-and-carry basis, which eliminates some detail, and that helps.

"As a former attorney, I guess I'm naturally interested in research and the orderly progression of things. I was a collector of 20th century photography, now for about 15 years. Hiking in the Yosemite, I stumbled on Ansel Adams' studio and bought my first print there, right out of the bin, and that started me off. I would see reproductions in magazines that I liked and would take as much as six months to track down the photographer so I could write him for a print and then maybe a year later I would get it. I wanted photographs on my walls, to live with photographs, paintings, other things, a mix, and then about five or six years ago I met George Rinhart and was maybe his first or second customer, and so I learned about the 19th century through him. And then at some point along the way Lee Witkin opened his gallery and I thought maybe . . . but then decided that a gallery was not for me," and so he became a private dealer, which has worked out as a satisfactory alternative, and it is beginning to pay off.

"I don't collect; I stopped collecting when I became a dealer; everything I buy now is for the purpose of resale with the exception of gifts at holidays and birthdays. I'm building a personal library for research in photography; this is very important to me."

A keen observer and quick to evaluate situations, Daitz learned the ropes rather quickly. During a recent interview, he shared with me some of his accumulated knowledge and experience. One hard lesson: If you really want something at an auction, you'd better be there . . . recently, he lost out on something that he had bid on by telephone. It got away from him because he wasn't there when the price went higher.

The term *provenance* means . . . ?

"It's a pedigree, indicating source or origin of the item, whom the item belonged to. It comes from the print field and is supposed to help in determining whether the print is an original. There's always an extra *cachet*, which is a mark of official approval, when you can say it

belonged to so and so, say J.P. Morgan, etc.

"A presentation copy with a signature has some value, and it's important in a limited edition."

As a dealer, what advice does he have for beginners in the collecting field?

"My feeling is, always look, just keep looking at pictures. I've always done a lot of looking and a lot of reading, and followed my basic feelings. Don't take the criteria that somebody has set up for you, that it has to have this or that, it has to be signed, etc. I say just look, and if you like, buy."

What would be a basic collection to start with? Would one start off with books about the old prints, rather than



Howard Daitz

the prints themselves?

"That's part of it, but *read*. I think you should read to see where your interests lie. Start reading to see what attracts you. Start with the Taft book on American photography, with Newhall, dip into Gernsheim, see what turns you on, and then start looking at images in that area. Don't necessarily look for names, only for images that you like."

He sells out of his home? How do people hear about him?

"Well, I guess word of mouth. I do very little advertising, but people come to me mostly by recommendation, like dealers send people to me."

I happened to mention the sale of the Camera Club of New York photographic collection some years ago. He remembered that the buyer was Lorraine Dexter in Vermont and that she had been selling the things piece by piece. He found her through reading and tracked her down. At that point, she was giving up photography and had already donated 12 truckloads of literature to the

University of Vermont.

"What she was selling was pretty incredible. I was still only a collector, not a dealer, and I wasn't really interested in the 19th century that she had. I was only just becoming aware of it through George Rinhart. I was starting to buy daguerreotypes and things of that nature and so I selectively bought some things from her and got Rinhart into the picture, and George bought everything that she had, except for a few items that I wanted. I think he paid about \$2,000 for the lot."

Buying for a museum

James L. Enyeart, curator of photography for the museum at the University of Kansas, started collecting for the museum in 1968 with a total budget of \$500 for photography and has never had more than \$2,000 per year to spend in that category, he says.

Yet, he adds, in quality and in uniqueness "I would pit the 800 to 1,000 prints we own against any other university collection in the United States." A large number of gifts to the museum helped so that he did not in fact have to buy everything.

The largest amount he ever had to work with, and this was outside the museum budgets, came in 1974 before he went on sabbatical. This was a National Endowment for the Arts \$10,000 matching grant to buy sculpture and photographs, \$10,000 for photographs, \$10,000 for sculpture.

"I was able to buy some very early work by Imogen Cunningham, for example. We have later works by her, but I didn't have any platinum prints, and these, I felt, were necessary to show the way she has progressed, through the various phases of her own history and to show the differences between the platinum prints of 1927 and one of her more contemporary prints she made later." He said he has followed the same pattern with work by Paul Strand, Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, and others.

The way prices are going in the print market, "we have to update our insurance on our photographic collection every year. When I started buying, I was acquiring original Weston platinums from 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, and 1927, for \$300 to \$500 a piece. I paid \$25 for Lewis Hine, \$25 for

\$2,000



Diane Arbus: twins, a signed print

"About a third of the collection is hanging on the walls of the bank. We've had no trouble whatsoever with thefts. One of the nice things about having a bank is that you have a security force."—Joel Snyder

gravures from *Camera Work*, \$600 for Steichen's Eugene O'Neill (1970–1971). These prices obviously now need to be adjusted for insurance purposes."

Commenting on the new gallery people, such as Marlborough and others that Harry Lunn is helping to bring into photography, Enyeart says "they manifest the truest color of the animal, that is, the dealer, who is the financial broker. He is not an esthetician, he is not a historian; their reason for existence in the large is to make money. Lee Witkin is an exception; he is there to make money also, but first and foremost there is integrity, loyalty, conviction, pride, and a lot of other things that most people don't manifest, just like in most businesses. Witkin also has the problem that if he doesn't stay somewhat in tune with the market and the equivalent of what they're selling prints for in other galleries, then he can't go out and buy new material to sell. He has to make enough money to be able to continue his business. So in a sense, he may not have to compromise his own integrity, but other people may do it for him.

"Too many curators make their decisions on the basis of standards and practices that were set decades ago. They're letting dealers make their decisions for them. That's what gives some well-known galleries the power that they have. The Marlborough is mentioned in the same hush-hush tones as the Metropolitan. They're supposed to be pinnacles of knowledge, of what's significant in the arts. Well, what's significant in the arts to Marlborough is what they can sell."

A bank as collector

A collection of more than 200 important photographs by 42 photographers (mostly 20th century) was acquired in the spring of 1968 for the Exchange National Bank in Chicago to form the nucleus of a permanent photographic collection. Initiated by Samuel Wm. Sax, then president of the bank, now its chairman of the board and an avid photophile, the pictures had been assembled from various sources by Beaumont Newhall, then director of George Eastman House, and his wife, the late Nancy Newhall, at a reputed cost of \$30,000. Now, seven years later, that sum obviously is a fraction of what

the original purchase is worth, a fact that must give Sam Sax enormous satisfaction as a seer, for he predicted at the time that a print for which he had paid \$100 conceivably could be worth \$1,000 some day. Preposterous as that statement seemed at the time, recent events have proved him not only extravagantly right but in some instances even voicing an understatement.

"Reflecting the bank's recognition of photography as a fine art, and of its monetary value," I reported in *The New York Times* at that time after a visit to the Chicago bank to look at the collection, "the prices paid were generous, ranging on the average from \$50 to \$500."

The prints were spread across a huge table and resting wherever space could be found, even standing against walls, a veritable trove of visual treasures.

"The roster of photographers represented in the collection starts with Julia Margaret Cameron and William Fox Talbot (excluding the key figure David Octavius Hill) in the 19th century," I reported in my column, "and moves forward through the 20th to a heavy predominance—about three-fourths—of contemporary workers.

"Sixteen photographers are represented with one to three prints each (Werner Bischof, Bill Brandt, Brassai, Bruce Davidson, Ernst Haas, Yousuf Karsh, André Kertész, Marc Riboud, etc.); six with seven to nine (Ansel Adams, Edward Steichen, Minor White, etc.), but seven with 12 (Henri Cartier-Bresson and Dorothea Lange) to 17 (Brett Weston) prints each. The latter list also includes Harry Callahan (15 prints), Walker Evans (13), Eliot Porter (15, all color), and Edward Weston (13, including platinum prints).

"One would have liked to see the 'high scorers' pared down in number to make room for some notable omissions, but on the whole the Newhalls seem to have covered a large proportion of the high spots. In addition to those already named, other significant photographers whose contributions add luster to the collection are Paul Caponigro, Lewis Hine, Barbara Morgan, W. Eugene Smith, Aaron Siskind, Paul Strand, Arthur Siegel, and Alfred Stieglitz."

The Newhalls heralded the collection

as "the core" of what the bank "intends to develop into one of the great collections in the world. Already, in the Twentieth Century, we believe it ranks in scope and excellence with such older and larger collections as those of the Museum of Modern Art and the George Eastman House." And Sax's formal statement of purpose read: "Exchange National Bank's Permanent Collection of Photography is being created to further photography as a fine art and to focus on its unique role in our technological society. Photography communicates. It helps open man's eye, his mind, and his emotions. The bank's Permanent Collection represents our commitment to Chicago as a great cultural center."

To check on what's happened since



Samuel Wm. Sax

that time and the situation currently, I phoned Joel Snyder, curator of the collection since late 1970, a photographer, and photography teacher in the Art Department at the University of Chicago.

In the two years since the inauguration of the collection it had grown to a total of 460 prints, to which 1,600 prints have been added during Snyder's incumbency, bringing the present total to more than 2,000. Half of the acquisition budget is devoted to "building a first-rate historical collection, and of course that's an endless process," and the other half to finance the purchase of "the best work that's being done today by both acknowledged photographers and people who are just developing their talents." Admittedly, he said, "we're taking chances . . . on today's photographers who have been shown a little or not at all.

"We're also interested in finding people who are doing things that are either unique or beautiful and who have

not been represented in any collection as yet. We have an obligation to help people who are just starting out and we'd like to fulfill that obligation to the extent that we can. These would be names you would not recognize at all, not only from Chicago but from all over. Also, a lot of people send stuff to us for consideration, and that includes photographers of reputation and photographers with none.

"As a photographer I do a fair amount of traveling around the country and so when I'm off on an assignment in Houston, say, I look around and see what's going on in Houston."

How does the word get around that he's looking at photographs to add to the collection?

"While New York may not be up to date completely on what the collection is doing, other cities seem to know that the collection is here and is functioning. So you're doing business with people from the middle West and the far West and to some extent in the New York area.

"About a third of the collection is hanging on the walls of the bank. We've had no trouble whatsoever with thefts. One of the nice things about having a bank is that you have a security force, so they're alert to people walking around with large things under their arms. And now, as at the start of the program seven years ago, we have valuable individual prints by Cameron or Talbot or whatever that are worth thousands and they're up there where they can be seen," some even facing customers as they are making out their deposit slips or in consultation with the bank's clerks and officers. "The whole point of the collection is to use it in a public way. In the curator's office itself there are about 1,500 prints. We have the kind of frames that allow us to pop out photographs and pop in new photographs so that we're changing the permanent stuff all the time."

Also, the curator's office is open during bank hours for study purposes, "as, for example, students working on an M.A. or Ph.D. thesis and needing to consult our material." Other aspects of the service include tours of the bank to show pictures hanging on the walls, loans of photographs to the University of Chicago; the Art Institute has used a

continued on page 113

\$75



George E. Tice: Amish boys strolling

An artful application of selective toning

The Two-Tone Bike



By WES DISNEY

Photography as art runs counter to the old photographic saw that says a picture's role is to take you back to the original event. I don't want to be taken back; that is the function of documentation and snapshooting, admittedly something cameras do very well indeed. I want to be taken to some place I haven't been before.

Photographers of all schools at one time or other make pictures at both levels. A great photojournalist is no more a record keeper than Minor White is. Gene Smith's photograph of the Minamata mother giving her crippled child a bath is more like two figures floating in the darkness of a horrible dream than part of an exposé on industrial pollution.

An artist has an inner necessity to produce and grow in heart and mind. A picture works when the viewer experiences a visual or psychic transformation. This perceptual leap can shake you out of everyday awareness and into seeing things you never saw before, or at least always saw differently.

The art lies in the transformation, not the object. The expansion of awareness takes place in the artist's mind during the creative process, and in the viewer's mind when he or she sees the finished work. The original subject thus transcends abstraction and the work itself becomes a new specific subject.

With my bike prints, this transformation occurs on a visual level, and was arrived at through various techniques—placement of line, texture, use of space, tension, scale, etc. Most important was the use of selective toning to enhance the illusion of depth. For these prints, my toner was GAF's Sepia Toner. I have also used Kodak's Selenium and Blue toners, as well as Ansel Adams' formula for gold toner, for selective toning. I apply it either with a *continued on page 111*



The Two-Tone Bike







starr
peticolas
opton
mc carthy
tinkelman

raymond
nadelman
gaess
pines

silbert
bushman
virga
rogers

hankin
katz
perry
klein

Equal Vision

AN INSIDE LOOK AT A WOMEN'S PHOTOGRAPHY GROUP

By SUZANNE O'MALLEY

Photography, like most creative enterprises, is the work of individuals. And photographers, because of their individuality, may not be the best people to form a group. But 20/20 New York Women Photographers (20 because of vision and 20 because of the maximum number of members; there are 17 at the moment) has existed for more than three years and is still going strong.

Why join such an organization? Many members, including the founder, Susan Tinkelman, a self-taught photographer who teaches art to senior citizens and is working on a book of her own photographs, feels that their further growth as photographers depends on the quality of feedback.

Jacque Gaess, a 33-year-old who earns money for film, cameras, and other necessities by working as a production control administrator in the garment industry, explains, "All of a sudden, you had a place where you could go every three weeks to tell people what you were doing and see how they reacted, and I think that was good for most of us. I think it held a lot of people in the group."

Members emphasize that they are not joiners. They hate organization and firmly believe that casualness has saved them while similar groups have gone under. They refuse to have officers, adopt a charter, or take notes. When written work *must* be done, it is.

How did they first come together? The still-active charter members—Naomi Bushman, Jacque Gaess, Hazel Hankin, Sardi Klein, Beverly Anne Nadelman, Kip Peticolas, Lilo Raymond, Linda Ferrer Rogers, Layle Silbert, Susan Tinkelman, and Ethel Virga—all exhibited photographs in a two-part "Women Photographers" show organized by Larry Siegel, Emanu-El Midtown Y Gallery director, in December and January of 1972. Of the 32 women who

took part in the showing, 17 originally joined, and 11 of the 17 are still active members.

[Editor's Note: The Midtown Y had them back again for a group show September 16-October 12, 1975. This was their first show since forming but not their last. They plan another in March, 1976, at New York University gallery.]

Six others are now members—Nina Howell Starr, Suzanne Opton, Geraldine McCarthy, Ellen Pines, Susan Katz, and Susan Perry.

It is composed of females because the "Y" exhibit was composed of females' work. As any member might explain, there is not an aversion to males among women in the group. Some members wanted a mixed group, and a few who dislike drawing unnecessary distinctions between the sexes would still prefer it.

The sexual exclusivity has been an expanding, rather than limiting, experience. The group is not narrower by nature of its membership. Instead, belonging to a progressive women's group that is not cause-oriented is an opportunity that does not readily afford itself in today's society.

No one ever says much about this unique status or about the benefits of identifying with other women. Pressed into verbalizing about the growth within the group over the first two years, Hazel Hankin, a Brooklyn College art student, replied, "Those feelings of second class . . . of insecurity that I had before, have greatly changed in the two years I've been here. Because when you see somebody else, who's a woman, who's successful, who's good, who is professional, productive, and who is doing good work, that feeds back on myself. It's like a reflection. I'm looking in a mirror and saying, 'Great.' This is me! It's not just that we're coming together out of weakness. We're giving each other a lot of positive

self-identification."

There is yet another broadening ingredient in the group makeup—the span of ages. "I'm not sure that if this had been a mixed group, I would have ever been invited, so I'm thankful it's a women's group," says Nina Howell Starr, the senior member at 72. "I'm just a whole different generation, and I don't think it would ever have occurred to a mixed group. It just wouldn't enter their consciousness."

What happens at meetings? The meetings are scheduled at three-week intervals in members' homes where everyone can count on an imaginative, if not excellent, buffet dinner. Members expect equal consideration for vegetarians and meat-eaters, and they can always be certain bread, wine, and cheese will be among the items on the menu. Each member contributes a dollar toward defraying the hostess' food



Beverly Anne Nadelman

Equal Vision

costs.

Meetings begin at 6:30 p.m., usually on Thursdays, and last until around 11 p.m. The first hour is devoted to eating and friendly conversation that slowly winds into business matters and finally into the subject scheduled for the evening.

Specific female/photography related problems are generally talked out during dinner. Out of 17 photographers, someone has an effective piece of advice to offer.

Business matters usually involve mentioning items that may aid individual members of the group: screenings for new photography books, opportunities for magazine publication—where to go and whom to see—mentions of sales on photographic supplies, investigation for grants and available aid. The group functions more as a vehicle for the individual than as a means of promoting itself as a photographic entity.

The "photography per se" part of the meeting comes last and has covered a variety of formats directly related to the group's development.

As in many professional organizations, members of 20/20 New York Women Photographers suffered the initial pains of competition—having to establish themselves in each other's eyes. But once everyone admitted that competition existed, acknowledgement that it was uncomfortable was the next step, and getting rid of it the last.

The deciding trial came when the group was offered a limited number of spots in a photography annual. Initially everyone was quite pleased—most assuming their photographs would be selected for inclusion. However, as the group members began to select the portfolios they felt were best, rifts formed. The members unanimously agreed that no publication was more important than the whole group. They sent word to the publication: everyone or no one. The annual in question turned down the all or no one proposition. The group remained intact, and has put together a book of its own.

Since then, it has been the old "all for one and one for all," defeating run-of-the-mill conflict and competition by channeling group aggressiveness into efforts to take the photographic world by storm.

The first half-dozen meetings, during which the group moved through its formative, organizational stage, had an

educational flavor. Individual members, expert in particular photographic methods, spent a meeting each discussing their areas of expertise. Subjects included electronic flash, ferricyaniding, print finishing, legal considerations for photographers, Kodalithing, and the Zone System. In most cases, experts demonstrate rather than lecture.

This initial "learning" format worked. For although all members are photographically knowledgeable, they definitely possess greater and lesser degrees of technical ability. The tyros hungered for any photographic information they could get, and the more expert photographers—well, who doesn't enjoy admitting they know it all every once in a while. But in a group that concentrates on developing a poor response to one-upmanship, this teacher/student arrangement was destined to wear out.

A new meeting format gradually developed—critiquing sessions—that required an honesty that risked group solidarity in more ways than one. Simply, group members demanded useful, even though painful, criticism that required a member to take and dish out.

Usually, two individuals are critiqued each meeting. The photographer hangs a selection of prints on a large board; her work alone is discussed for more than an hour. Everyone is critiqued in turn unless someone needs immediate review.

What is said during these sessions?



Sardi Klein

Jacquie Gaess





Geraldine McCarthy



Naomi Bushman



Susan Tinkelman

SPRING 1976



Suzanne Opton



Linda Rogers

Equal Vision



Layle Silbert

Speaking of Naomi Bushman's work, Ethel Virga says, "I'll pick, of two alternatives, which one I like. For example, these two; I wish that this image appeared in this frame. As a matter of fact, I like both frames, and I would like to see those details go. And maybe you could tone in here, flash in, or put your black border line around it."

"Do you like the top three?" Sardi Klein asks.

"Yes, I like the sense of dizziness. I like the disequilibrium, the feeling of imbalance," Virga answers.

This evening the members agree—Bushman's photos provoke questioning and positive response; they discuss the artistic reasoning behind her work.

Another time they disagree. Gaess offers her impressions of an entire picture board of Layle Silbert's work. "There are certain ones that I think are obviously stronger than others. I am immediately drawn to these two because there is a sensitivity that I think she's got there, and I don't have to know who he is or what he is, but his sensitiveness comes out to me. The woman with the white sheet either is printed very badly or just doesn't work for me. I know what you're trying to do, but I don't think it succeeds."

Silbert's photographic interests center in portraiture and character studies. Some observers caution her to rely less on the personality's photographic

interest points and more on her own abilities to create interest in the subject.

"I think that what you said is true, that you're very much interested in people, but I think that you can't rely on the interest that *you* have in *them*," Virga says. "I think you have to stick with them longer, or if they are a person on the street, I think you have to wait for a better moment, because I don't see enough particularity. Yes, they may be interesting people, but I don't see you having thought about where they are in the picture frame. What's around them, what might be too distracting, and therefore you should stand a little differently. Like this one."

"Why, I think that's one of the very best," Starr objects.

"But how much better it could have been if she'd ducked or something so that those lights. . ."

"Doesn't bother me a bit," Starr insists.

More than two years ago, the critiquing centered in choosing the seven most representative photographs from each member's photographic lifetime. In April, 1974, they finally pounced on an idea they had been mulling for months—compiling a book for publication. Through the following months, meetings were dominated by selection of material for the book, editing, discussion of organization, binding, and editorial material.

At home, members spent hours producing photographic dummies to present to publishers. No one is certain the book will be published. Although they would like nothing better, publication is not vital. Lilo Raymond, free-lance photographer and photographic assistant to Charles Pratt, calls the book an exercise in "getting off one's ass."

Every meeting in some way helps to accomplish this goal. No matter what the subject under discussion or the project being undertaken, the members leave feeling exhilarated, excited about getting back to that series of prints they had just given up on two nights before.

Despite all the downers that can come one's way in three weeks, when the meeting night arrives members always seem able to overcome exhaustion, depression, the babysitter, and even three-hour bus trips from upstate New York to make it. Few groups can boast

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Lilo Raymond

First Skelton Learned the Basics, Then She Bent the Rules

BEING BESIDE, GOING BEYOND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN SKELTON



How did Karen Skelton, 28, get these vague, diffused, impressionistic photographs that in some people evoke goosebumps? What does she mean by them?

Much of the magic involved the choice of film—often Kodak Tri-X, occasionally 2475 Recording Film—and processing methods. After loading her single-lens reflex equipped with either a 24-mm or 105-mm lens (she finds normal lenses boring and traded hers for the 24-mm), she attaches a diffusion filter for use with Tri-X film and shoots one or two stops over the indicated meter reading. Then, in the darkroom, she develops Tri-X in Acufine for about 1 minute over the standard time; Recording Film is developed normally in DK-50. Both are developed in an open tank by inspection. She printed these pictures on 14x17—she likes big prints—Kodak Polycontrast with a No. 4 or No. 5 filter and an Omega enlarger. She develops her prints for 2 or more minutes in Dektol. Sometimes she bleaches with ferricyanide; other times, *continued on page 113*















A Mightier Mite

How an imaginative news photographer stretched the littlest Leica



300-mm f/2.8 Topcor lens with Visoflex 3 on Manning's Leica CL.

By JACK MANNING
Staff Photographer, *The New York Times*

When Oskar Barnack designed the first Leica camera in 1913, he started a photographic revolution whose shock waves are being felt to this day. But even Barnack might have been surprised to see the Leica CL, a modern marvel weighing in at but 13 ounces and measuring a mere $1\frac{1}{4} \times 3 \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

This littlest Leica features a built-in, highly accurate behind-the-lens exposure meter, built-in rangefinder, built-in finder system for 35-mm, 40-mm, 50-mm, and 90-mm lenses, built-in electronic flash connection, and most of all, the ability to accept interchangeable lenses. It will fit into my smallest camera case (3x4x8 inches) along with a 35-mm f/2 Summicron lens, an 85-mm f/1.5 Nikkor lens, six rolls of 35-mm 36-exposure film, table-top tripod with sturdy tilt top, small electronic flash unit, long PC cord, lens cleaning brush, filters, lens shades, extra finder, cable release, caption notebook, felt tip pen, small flashlight, and a spare set of batteries! If that sounds impressive, the flexibility and performance of this little camera outside its case are even more so.

As I introduced the camera into the mainstream of my work as staff photographer for *The New York Times*,





When a delegation of French citizens came to America to express appreciation for what the U.S. had done for France in both World Wars, Manning was assigned to cover the ceremonies in a Manhattan park. To make this study of a fragile and symbolic French veteran of World Wars I and II, in her 80s, he put a 300-mm Canon f/4.5 lens on his Leica CL with Visoflex housing to reach across a speakers' platform that stood in his way. Below, police, all in bulletproof vests, wait out a bank robber holding hostages, who demanded, among other things, that beer be brought in to him; after he drank it, he fell asleep and was captured. Meanwhile, Manning, restricted by police to shooting from behind barriers half a block away, a "close" vantage point for the press alone, caught the tense scene with a 500-mm Nikkor mirror lens on his CL-cum-mirror box.





A Mightier Mite

its ease of handling, small size, and lightweight were delightful—but I soon found that I needed lenses wider than 40-mm and longer than 90-mm (the Leitz complement introduced with the camera). One day while looking for some Canon accessories for my F-1 system, I came across a Canon adapter ring that had a rear Leica type thread and a front bayonet mount that accepted breech-lock Canon FL/FD single-lens reflex camera lenses. Here was the key that opened the CL to greater versatility.

A little history: the first Canon rangefinder cameras introduced were in effect thinly disguised Leicas. Although the body shape was angular rather than rounded, the lens mount was designed to take Leica threaded lenses. Of course, Canon lenses for these models were also Leica threaded. In fact, Nikon also manufactured some of their lenses in this mount.

Now, although the CL has the newer M-type Leica bayonet mount, Leitz thoughtfully offers a simple adapter ring that has a threaded center portion enabling the user to mount older Leica

type lenses, including Canon and Nikon rangefinder lenses, in Leica bayonet-mount cameras. In addition, by screwing the Canon adapter ring into the Leica adapter ring, you may also use many of the Canon FL/FD lenses from the current SLR line.

Thus the Leica CL user has the following array of lenses to choose from:

Canon rangefinder types—19-mm f/3.5, 25-mm f/3.5, 28-mm f/2.8, 35-mm f/1.5, f/1.8, f/2, 50-mm f/1.2, f/1.4, f/1.8, f/2, 85-mm f/1.9, 100-mm f/2, f/3.5, 135-mm f/3.5; Canon FD/FL—16-mm f/2.8 full-frame fish-eye, 17-mm f/4 wide angle, 20-mm f/2.8, 24-mm f/1.4, f/2.8, 28-mm f/2.8, f/3.5, 35-mm f/2, f/3.5; Nikon—25-mm f/4, 28-mm f/3.5, 35-mm f/1.8, 50-mm f/1.1, f/1.4, f/2, 85-mm f/2, 105-mm f/2.5, 135-mm f/3.5; Leica—most of the bayonet type, and most of the older screw-thread type (exceptions are those whose rear elements protrude too far back into the body, interfering with the CL's internal metering arm).

I found an interesting solution to the problem of using the 16-mm f/2.8 full-frame fish-eye Canon FD lens: I simply adapted a Spiratone auxiliary



On a fashion job, Manning was to document styles of the Roaring Twenties, typified by this young woman, upper left, on her way to a Great Gatsby ball. He picked an 85-mm Nikkor lens here, mounting it on the CL with adapter rings; he felt that it "filled the bill nicely," and the frame as well, by providing a no-distortion portrait. Above, sent by the *Times* to depict play streets in New York's East Harlem, the photographer climbed five or six flights to the roof of an old tenement for this overview of the graffiti on the blocked-off street, decorated by its younger residents, using a 200-mm f/3.5 Canon lens to delineate the scene. For a story on New York's Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln Center, right, Manning wanted to show as much as possible of the ceiling, 40 or 50 feet away, at the same time getting the sound engineer, 2 feet away, in focus. The optics for the task: 16-mm f/2.8 Canon FD full-frame fish-eye (shown far right), which offers great depth of field. Focus with it is practically universal, Manning says, even when set wide open.



16-mm f/2.8 Canon FD full-frame fish-eye, mounted via a Canon adapter ring fitted to a Leica adapter ring. Atop the camera: unique viewfinder made out of a Spiratone auxiliary fish-eye lens.



Again a wide-angle was the logical choice, a 24-mm Canon FD shown with 24-mm finder. Its characteristic extreme depth of field recorded sharply and included most of large crowd of Chinese demonstrating in lower Manhattan against police brutality.

A Mightier Mite

fish-eye lens by attaching a standard accessory-shoe fitting to its bottom. This gave me a "fish-eye" finder that provides a pretty good idea of what I am getting on film. Of course, a Nikon fish-eye finder would also work . . . and so would eyeballing it.

The Canon FD/FL lenses do not couple to the rangefinder, which is why I only listed wide-angles; I just preset my lens to 5, 10, or 15 feet, which normally covers the field of focus adequately.

What about telephoto lenses longer than 90-mm? I called Leitz and asked them whether they could adapt my Visoflex 3 to the CL. "Impossible," they told me. So I called Marty Forscher [owner of Professional Camera Repair Service in New York], and within a week the job was done. Marty milled out a small piece of the housing so that it cleared the shutter speed wheel of the camera, and added a small extension arm at an angle to the existing arm. It

now hit the shutter release properly.

What lenses work with my reflex housing? Leica made—and still makes—a number of lenses for the housing; Canon also offered various telephotos for its mirror box—a 200-mm f/3.5, 300-mm f/4.5, 400-mm f/4.5, 600-mm f/8, and 800-mm f/11; in fact, a few Nikon lenses were designed for this short-mount application. Some of the Nikon 500-mm and 1,000-mm mirror lenses that focus back of infinity will also work, and I have a dandy 300-mm f/2.8 Topcor lens that works beautifully.

I have now been using my modified Leica CL system for almost two years covering important assignments at the U.N., fast-breaking hard news, politics, high fashion, portraits of well-known personalities, cultural events, business news, travel assignments, and self-assigned creative exercises in color. The camera has been reliable, responsive and a workhorse that has stood up well to the thousands of frames that have gone through its tiny body. 





Close-up of dandelion gone to seed becomes circular abstraction rendered sharply with 50-mm Canon f/3.5 macro lens 2 in. away. This lens is especially corrected for sharpness at such close distances, thus was indicated choice. Below, Manning was sent to photograph whales at N.Y. Aquarium in Brooklyn. Shooting point was area where it can be done below water level, the best position being at the spot where an attendant, in the tank, was feeding the mammals. At 5-ft distance, 17-mm Canon f/4 FD lens gave enormous depth of field, ideal for subject.



Recomposed Pictures by J. Seeley

A visual expression should remain visual, preferably independent of verbal

interpretation. Indulging in over-analysis, verbal or otherwise, is a potential trap. Making a statement is like taking an oath; your words become your commitment, and in turn your master. As a defensive measure, I am applying this

statement post mortem to the work completed and presented here. In this way, it is possible to retain visual expression as the primary form of communication and keep verbal dialog from becoming a motivational factor.

The predominant concern with this group of photographs has been a simplified type of visual aesthetics. Only occasionally does this concern go beyond the two-dimensional, black-and-white appearance of the subject matter.

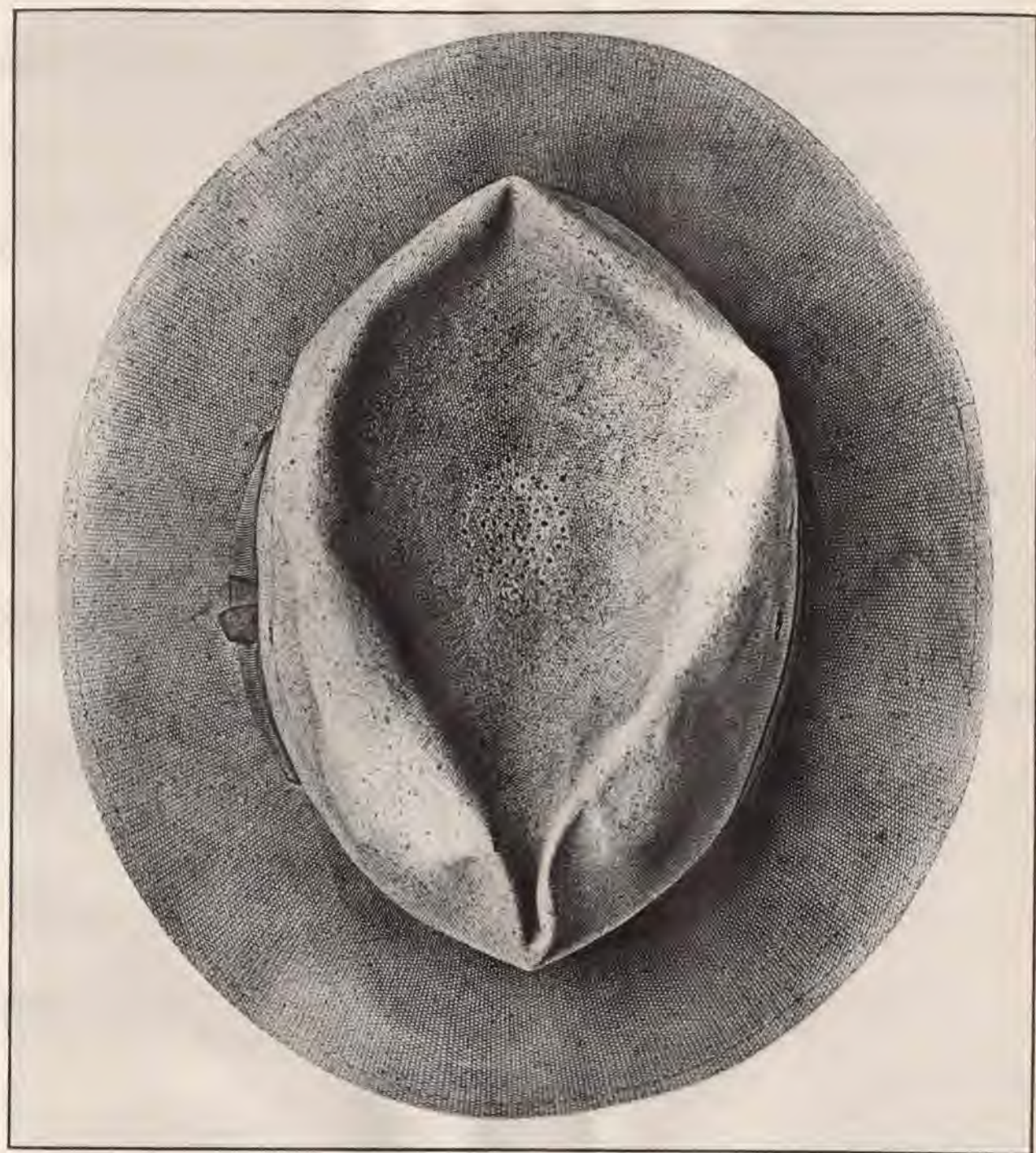
The process of building the composition might be analogous to producing a one-act play. The three original elements are: 1, the characters and props; 2, the stage or containment; 3, the space between things. These are considered within a visual format rather than a literary one. The props and characters are photographed and printed out on small internegatives and filed away in type cases until they are needed for a particular composition. Before the final photograph is made, a cast of these internegatives is assembled. These pieces will be arranged within a containment, usually consisting of a thin black framing line applied to the master internegative. The space between things, of course, is determined by the placement of the other elements. When these elements are arranged, the internegative is complete.

Often the resulting image is a scene, but because the individual parts have been reorganized, the viewer sees a composition in which the perspective and space orientation are dimensionally uncommon. My own interest in this modest departure from visual logic may be the major reason I am not an abstractionist.

The relogic process modifies the image relationship between the original subject matter and the finished print. A rendered scene, because it is free of lenticular dictation, exists only in the form that it is presented. This makes it possible to experience the visual aspects of the composition less vicariously, and perhaps somewhat more directly.

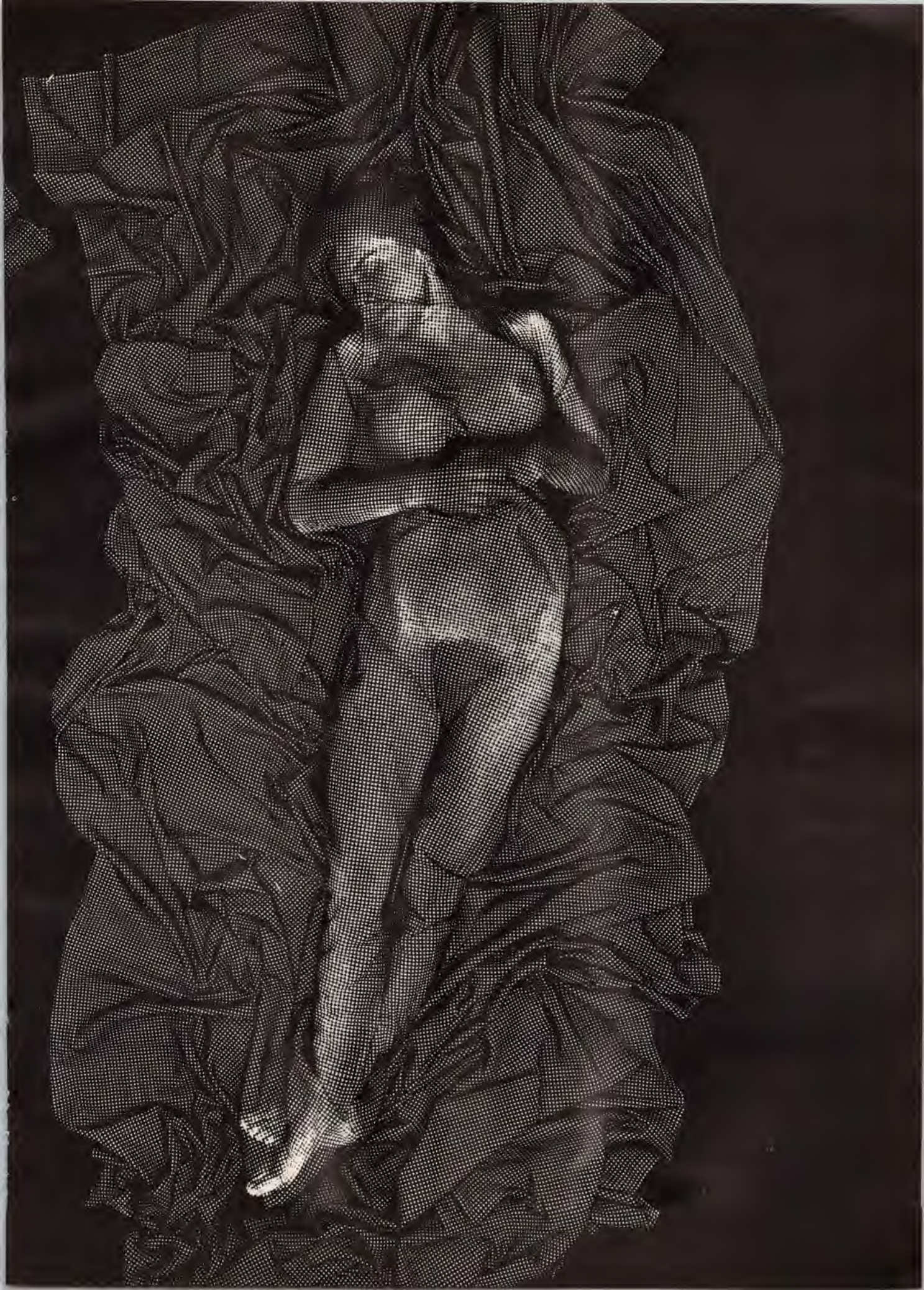
Having the right parts to put in the right places determines the success or failure of the composition. My equivalent to Cartier-Bresson's "decisive moment" occurs as these parts are manipulated. By selecting, recording, and presenting a visual vocabulary of independent units, photography, as the traditional "pencil of nature," becomes to a greater degree the pencil of the photographer.

—J. Seeley



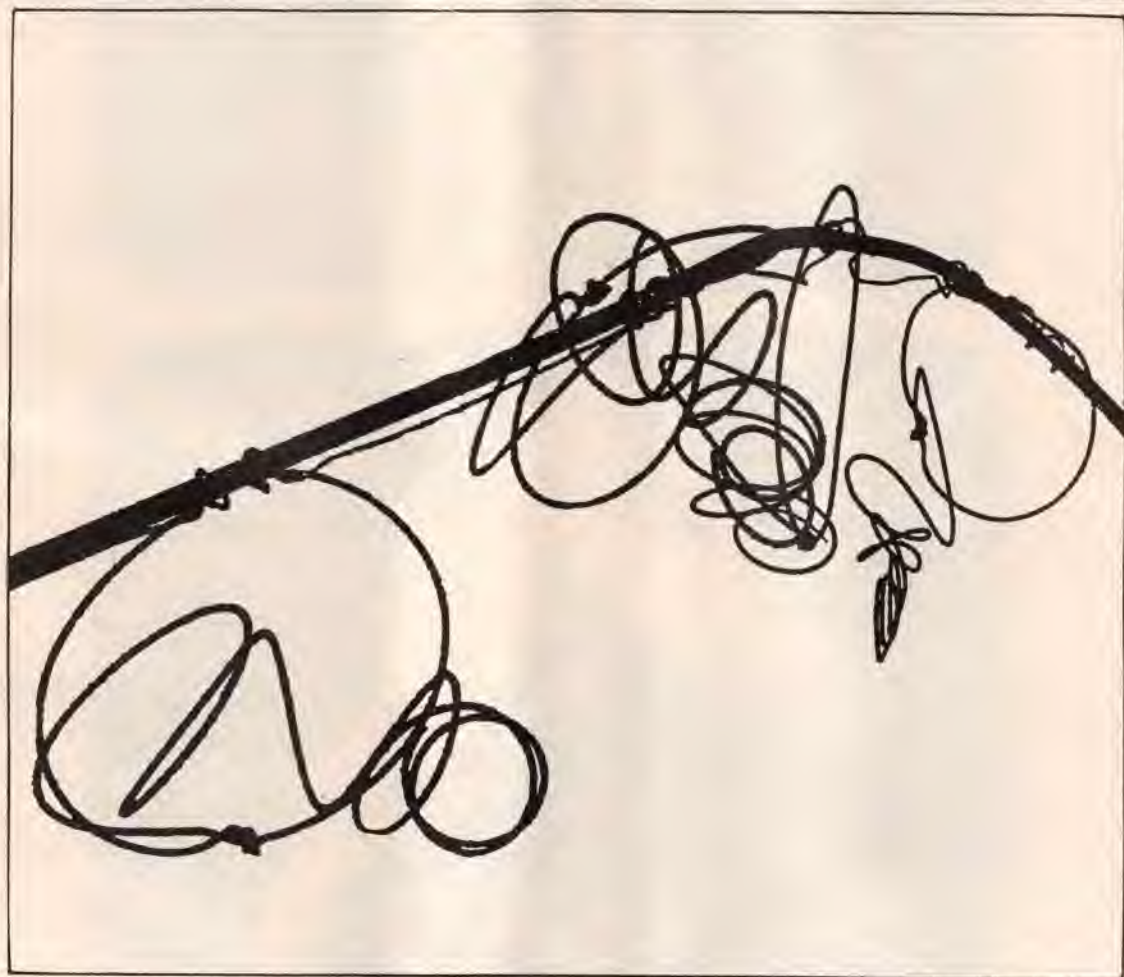
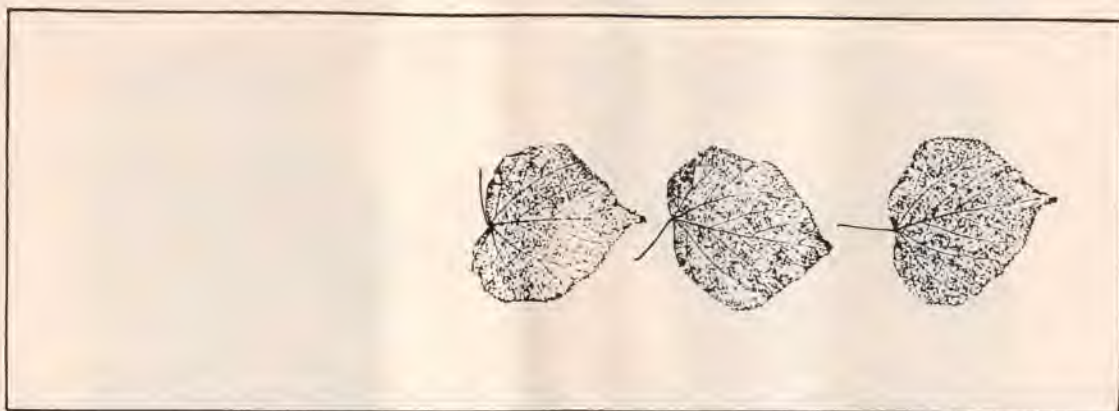
Recomposed Pictures





Recomposed Pictures





Recomposed Pictures





such a steady and devoted membership; most 20/20 New York Women Photographers have missed fewer than five meetings in three years.

There are other women's photography groups—some have succeeded for the reasons others have failed; some have failed for the reasons 20/20 succeeds. In the early '70s, the Women's Interart Center, Inc. advertised through the papers to attract membership to Sonya Katchian's workshop that taught what she describes as "the software as well as the hardware of photography."

The group met once a week and the membership fee was \$36 per year. Membership stabilized at 10, which included a journalist, a Pratt graduate student, and a veteran photojournalist. Basically, it was a consciousness-raising group designed to talk out problems peculiar to women photographers.

Katchian found that members of her group had much in common photographically—a fear of approaching people and of being aggressive in a photographic situation. On the other hand, they had great sensitivity in dealing with people as subjects and were more interested in producing a single image well than in producing quantity.

The group remained open to new members and carried on quite successfully for its first six months. "One day we had a meeting where people were not interested in the new people who had come," Katchian explains. "There were words and the experience was quite 'unsettling.' Nothing was said after the meeting; there were just no more."

Still, some of the members continue to meet on an informal basis. Katchian feels that the weekly meeting schedule was too stiff. "We were continually asking, 'What is it that brings us together?'" she says. "We could never answer the question; we should never have asked."

One of the most recent developments in women's photography groups is Women Photographers of New York, Inc. This group, established by Dianora Niccolini, head of the medical photography department at St. Clare's Hospital, is more professionally than personally oriented. In January, 1974, Niccolini took an ad in the *Village Voice* requesting that interested women photographers come to a meeting.

Twenty or twenty-five women showed up. The first question they all asked was, "Why?" The answers sounded much like those given by women in other

groups.

First, curiosity; beyond that, they all acknowledged photography as a solitary discipline, a very personal thing. They wanted to share their problems with other women and to use a women's group to protect and expand their own opportunities. Lastly, they hoped to get away from competition and into cooperation.

Obviously veteran organizers, within the first few months of existence the group had become a "not-for-profit corporation," drafted a detailed charter and bylaws, and made arrangements for several exhibits.

The group meets each week and is open to everyone. Before becoming a voting member, a person must fulfill attendance requirements and pay the yearly membership fee of \$30. Meetings are held Tuesdays from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. in the basement of St. Clare's Hospital. According to chairwoman Betsy Stang, the members do not find weekly attendance too taxing and the group had lost only four members in its first year.

These groups provide a view of the almost universal feeling of "movement" within women's photography.

It doesn't take a keen eye to notice developing trends. Women are seeing themselves differently, shedding a traditional style, and substituting some hard-hitting photography. Some see women moving from romantic, passive photography into a more active brand of imagery. Certainly a form of documentary portraiture is evolving: women recording their condition in the abstract, through self-portraiture, in photographs of women by women.

Women are photographing themselves and each other with a sense of compulsive communication—an attempt to alter the vision of women that men have photographically controlled for so long. Nude self-portraiture is most evident in this trend.

"I think there is something about women looking at themselves in photography," says Virga, who began noticing the preponderance of self-portraits, nude and otherwise, three years ago. "I suddenly realized that a lot of women were doing this kind of unpretentious, non-salon, 'here's me naked in front of the mirror, or in front of the camera, or whatever.' . . . I had done that myself. I hadn't seen anybody else do it. So I realized that something was happening amongst many individuals. I think it's only a symptom. I don't think that's the only kind of photograph that proves that women are beginning to see themselves, want to see themselves. Want to

see themselves differently, and naked symbolically, not only naked actually."

An almost undefinable quality links this new breed of photographs. Some peculiar flavor, a feeling, a strange, subliminal hollow that wells up with a single glance.

A woman in a white gown stands in a white room with a white floor, in front of a white window with only long, dark hair, and a face standing out, looking out. Has the artist captured that insane emptiness that so many people know?

In another picture, a golden-haired, diapered toddler seems to have emerged from a pair of legs waiting outstretched in the corner of the frame—in a white room, empty, with only the crisp light from the window isolating the clean, uncluttered essence of the photo.

And the kid whose mother photographed him as a strange little spaceman . . . in the next photograph, she lies on her back, naked, with her legs raised.

These aren't ordinary pictures, nor are they the kind of photographs produced by most men. The style is not characteristic of all women or even of some women all of the time. But it has stirred photography.

Nancy Palmer, head of Nancy Palmer Photo Agency, attends 20/20 New York Women Photographers' meetings as part of her own creative input system. She sees something happening.

"If this is a revolution—and I think it is—out of every revolution, I believe, is created a new form, and it is our opportunity, and it is happening, and I've seen it right here. The work that I've seen is very exciting to me, and I don't get that from outside. I don't get it from the portfolios that come in from the various photographers that I look at."

Palmer makes her analysis on a comparative level. "I worked, not with Margaret Bourke-White, but with her contemporaries, women who were photographers who competed with men and who had to photograph the way men photographed, who were imitations of men as Margaret Bourke-White had to be to get where she got. Now this is being thrown off—it is no more.

"It's different, there's a quality that exists here. And you are representative, I believe, of women photographers."

More than being representative of women photographers, 20/20 makes pictures that represent womanhood as it is and as it develops, giving vent to thoughts that have so long remained silent. Their photographs combine to form a unifying portrait.

much behind-the-scenes action: meetings between photographers and gallery directors, journalists, and representatives from other organizations and institutions; *tete-a-tetes* between students and instructors; confrontations between all hopefuls and those of position. As part of the *Rencontres* there had been a prestigious international juried competition both for books published within the medium of photography this year and also for the best portfolio submitted by a young photographer. The Fifth Annual Prix d'Arles was awarded to *Creative Camera's* excellent and innovative *International Year Book 1975*, against stiff competition (Gibson's *Days At Sea* and Smith's *Minamata* were just two of the year's crop of fine photographic books). The First Prix d'Arles for a portfolio went to Verena Gager from Munich, who photographs in formats up to 2¼ square, making black-and-white images of people in spaces with a certain mystery, even a sense of uncertainty. Her printing was clear and rich and the overall presentation equally attractive. Cash awards were presented with a substantial 2,500 francs (\$500) awarded for the book prize and a smaller sum for the portfolio. (C.C.'s Peter Turner later said he would ask that the distribution be reversed so that the larger amount might go to the photographer.)

In addition to previously mentioned luminaries such as Smith and Kertész in Arles for the Festival, there were a large number of other varying well-known and respected image-makers on hand such as Robert Doisneau, Marc Riboud, René Burri, Martine Frank, with several other members of the fine French agency Viva—Jean-Pierre Sudre, Jean-Philippe Charbonnier, Canada's Michele St.-Jean—some 34 names in all on the published list of photographers in attendance (to my surprise and delight, someone showed me mine listed among them).

Publications represented included *Photo*, *Progresso Fotografico*, *Zoom*, *Vu*, *Popular Photography*, *Modern Photography*, *Camera 35*, *Afterimage*, *Ovo Photo*, *Creative Camera*, *Photo-Cinema*, *Le Monde*, *Le Figaro*, *Village Voice*, *Interview*, *Le Photograph*, *Photo Revue*, and perhaps a dozen more.

European cities were represented by photography galleries from London,
SPRING 1976

Southampton, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Geneva, Basel, Munich, Essen, Vienna, Milan, Barcelona, Paris, Lyons, and Toulouse.

Among the diverse organizations on hand were Foto-Kina, the Louvre Museum, Princeton University Museum, the Secretary of State for Culture, the U.S. State Department, University of Canada, University of Sao Paulo, La Bibliothèque Nationale, Centre Français de la Photographie, American Cultural Center of Paris, French Institute of Tel-Aviv, 3-M Corporation, and a slew of U.N.E.P.s, A.F.A.P.C.s, C.N.C.s, and C.R.A.C.R.A.P.s.

Festival, gathering, a Foto-Kina de l'Image, it is an event singularly unlike any other within photography. Somewhere between a small town fizzle and the grand monument to the medium stands the thing itself: an impressive, impulsive six-year-old with a great deal going for it, fully expecting by next year's birthday to be both bigger and better. I am planning to arrive early for the opening of the presents, and, like so many others, hope to be leaving with a piece of the cake. 

THE TWO-TONE BIKE *continued from page 78*

brush after wiping the damp print's emulsion side with a paper towel or by immersing the print in the toner after the areas *not* to be toned are covered with Photo Maskoid, which is available in art supply stores. The Photo Maskoid must be applied when the print is dry and peeled off after toning.

I have attempted to transform my old bike into something universal and fundamental, but the fender of a bike is not the cosmos.

This work was an exercise on one level of perception and transformation during a cold winter cooped up in a loft in New York City. The ability to perceive or to make transformations is not innate; it must be practiced. 

NOTICE TO THE READER

We consider it a valuable service to our readers to continue, as we have in previous editions of 35-mm Photography, to print the prices set by the manufacturer or distributor for each item described as available at press-time. However, almost all manufacturers and distributors provide that prices are subject to change without notice.

We would like to call our readers' attention to the fact that during recent years the Federal Trade Commission of the U.S. Government has conducted investigations on the practices of the photographic industry and certain other industries in fixing and advertising list prices. It is the position of the Federal Trade Commission that it is deceptive to the public, and against the law, for list prices of any product to be specified or advertised in a trade area, if the majority of sales of that product in that trade area are made at less than the list prices.

It is obvious that our publication cannot quote the sales price applicable to each trading area in the United States. Accordingly, prices are listed as furnished to us by the manufacturer or distributor. It may be possible to purchase some items in your trading area at a price that differs from the price that is reported in this edition.

—The Publisher

more revealing than a candid shot—involves reconstructed reality, the reorganization and restructuring of the materials at hand. The photographer reveals evidence of things not seen, which may have existed at another moment, or that could exist, as seen through the lens of his imagination.

In 1967, *Life* commissioned 10 leading photographers to create a visual statement to illustrate the concept of loss of individuality in an industrialized society. Dauman decided to represent three kinds of people symbolically: those who go with the tide, those who are afraid of it, and those who rebel and go against it, thus retaining their individuality. He made a montage of several elements: background (a skyscraper with repetitive windows); three people, photographed in various positions; and red and green neon arrows. His photograph appeared on the cover of *Life's* April 21, 1967 issue, launching a series, "Anonymity: The Struggle to be an Individual."

Assigned to photograph Olana, the century-old home of painter Frederick Church in Hudson, N.Y., Dauman arrived at the decrepit mansion shortly before it was scheduled to be demolished. The interior was a shambles. Like a set decorator, Dauman had to recreate its former elegance. He spent 10 days cleaning the house from basement to attic and rearranging its furnishings. The furniture was falling apart, so he photographed its shadows, using available light with flash. The 14-page *Life* feature, which later won a prize from *Communication Arts* magazine, was instrumental in saving the historic building.

"The photographer must breathe new life into subjects that have been done to death," says Dauman. How to create a fresh approach to the Palace of Versailles, on which cameras have focused ever since they were invented? Dauman encountered this problem when making illustrations for *The World of Watteau*, a volume in the Time-Life Library of Art. During a month on location, he borrowed a "cherry-picker" (mobile platform) from the local utilities company. Thirty feet above the ground, he used a panoramic camera to shoot through the gilded crest atop an iron gate facing the palace entrance. Two assistants with walkie-talkies kept away tourists and cars, making the scene appear as it might have been during the

reign of Louis XIV.

Lighting Versailles' historic Hall of Mirrors presented a technical challenge because of the unbalanced illumination of a low-light ceiling and daylight from many windows. Dauman solved the problem by masking part of the image area with a 1.20 neutral-density filter placed in front of his Hasselblad's lens. Inside the Chapel, he used 75 floodlights with dichroic filters to balance the daylight's intensity and color temperature. A truck from a movie-rental company supplied electric power.

Dauman prepares for a portrait assignment by reading everything he can about the subject. He waits until the last moment before deciding what the picture will be.

"There's no formula for portraits; each situation is unique," he says. "The outcome depends on the mood created . . . a mood that changes rapidly. The photographer must quickly build a relationship with the subject. He must be a good psychologist, because he's walking on eggs all the time and it is so easy to make a *faux-pas*. As for technique, it's necessary but secondary. There are no lighting secrets; one must understand what one light can do. My best portraits are made with one or two lights strategically placed so that the picture doesn't look over-lit."

Shooting stars

When photographing a celebrity, Dauman concentrates on the subject and lets an assistant set up the lights. While making a portrait of Federico Fellini for *The New York Times*, he conversed with the famed director for 20 minutes before he was ready to shoot. (The allotted time for the sitting was five minutes.) Fellini, accustomed to directing, seemed to enjoy being directed by a skilled photographer. Asked to remove his jacket, he complied and inquired: "You want me also to take off my shirt and tie?"

Another approach was involved in portraying Piet Hein, a Danish poet-scientist who designed an elongated ellipse known as a "super egg." To convey this idea, Dauman had a carpenter cut 10 pieces of plywood to the super-elliptical shape; each was painted a different color, spanning the spectrum. He set up the boards on edge, an inch apart on a garden table, then placed Hein behind them.

In photographing Marshall McLuhan at the University of Toronto, Dauman sought a way of symbolizing the media-seer's theories about television.

After posing him in front of a dozen rented TV monitors and opposite a vidicon camera, the photographer noticed the multiple images created by the parallel cameras which, like mirrors, produced ever-smaller reflections of the objects between them. He lined up his Nikon on top of the TV camera lens and shot the picture.

Ted Horowitz, formerly Dauman's assistant and now a free-lance photographer, comments: "Aside from his creative eye, Henri is disciplined—and that's what makes an artist a professional. He works hard to get perfection in his pictures and he keeps cool in hot situations." Horowitz, who has worked for other photographers, adds: "You don't find that too often today."

Photographing at the General Motors plant in Tarrytown, N.Y., Dauman focused on black workers on an automobile assembly line. Shooting at night to meet a deadline, he set up special lighting in specific areas, made Polaroid film test exposures, stepped on the nonstop conveyor belt, made hundreds of pictures, and delivered the film to a lab at 4 a.m. the next morning.

In 1970, Dauman became associated with a company producing audiovisual software in the medical and travel fields. As cinematographer and director, he made films for BBC-TV, National Educational Television, and other clients. Continuing his activities in still photography, he helped to structure the Business Practices Guide for ASMP—The Society of Photographers in Communications. He actively participated in the organization's policy-making decisions and served as treasurer, 1973-75, and editor of its publications.

Currently he concentrates on still photography for industry, corporate reports, and advertising illustration. He uses a studio a few blocks from his apartment on Manhattan's East Side, where he lives with his wife, Denise, and their children—Philippe, 21, a Yale graduate now at Columbia Law School, and Brigitte, 13, a student at the Lycée Français.

Dauman's assignments come from design firms (corporate reports, brochures, booklets), advertising agency art directors, public relations directors, and magazine editors. Most of his new accounts result from recommendations of past clients.

An out-of-town agency called him recently on behalf of Mohawk Paper Mills of Cohoes, N.Y., which needed

photographs for an advertising and direct-mail campaign. For a two-day assignment, Dauman and his assistant took along five Nikon Fs, a battery of lenses (20-mm to 180-mm), and two Balcar electronic flash units (1,200 and 2,400 watt-seconds). The first day, he researched the subject by getting acquainted with factory operations. On the second day, he exposed 20 rolls of Kodachrome, using a Minolta meter and checking the exposures with a Polaroid film back on a Hasselblad.

Up in Central Park

On a fashion assignment for a fabric company, Dauman went to Central Park with an assistant, a 5x5-foot reflector that both reflects and diffuses light, and three Nikons with 85-mm, 105-mm, and 180-mm lenses. To achieve a dreamy, romantic effect, he utilized a diffusion filter, exposing six rolls of Kodachrome and changing the pose almost every shot.

After studying the 216 transparencies, he weeded out 20 substandard frames and sent the rest to the client. "It's good for clients to see the way the shooting evolves," he says. Unlike most photographers, he also shows his black-and-white proof sheets—the complete take.

Dauman believes that it is essential for photographers to adapt to the current market. "Photographs are used more now than ever before in slide films, stills in motion pictures, industrial work, advertising, and corporate reports," he says. "The concept of a still photographer who shoots solely for editorial publication is as outdated as the Model T Ford. Today, a photographer must know how pictures are used in various media, and become a multimedia man."

How to succeed in photography

He tells aspiring photographers: "Work hard to achieve excellence—the one thing that matters. Stick to your own style and make your own breaks. A professional must cover all areas so that he'll never be caught short. Success depends on hard work, stamina, and luck."

For him, photography is more than a business—it's a way of life that has led to self-realization in his adopted country. But it's even more than that.

A poet needs a public; an actor needs a stage. A photographer . . . ?

"If you're a photographer," says Henri Dauman, "when you're not shooting, you're not living."



she uses intensifier on the negative to get a drawing-like effect.

Karen Skelton is a refreshing change from some of today's "in" photographers. She likes beauty, loves her friends, and wants to show others what she sees and feels. These particular photographs resulted from her exploration of her own sensuality. For her, the war between the black hats and the white hats, or in this case, between the white gowns and the black gowns, was going full-scale.

Says Skelton: "I get an idea, want to illustrate it, and I approach it very loosely. Whatever happens, I let happen. After each shooting, I look at the pictures, see where my head's at, my fears, what I think is beautiful. It's a psychological thing." In June, 1975, when she took these photographs, she used women friends as models because she was more comfortable with them. Now she is doing collages, and including men.

Skelton came to these photographs after three years of shooting seascapes, landscapes, street scenes, whatever. Although she owned a camera as a child and always liked photography, she never took it up in college during her three years at the University of Wisconsin as an art major. (She quit college because she didn't know what she wanted to do.) Not until a marriage brought her to New York and a subsequent divorce left her wondering what she should do, did she enroll in a photography course at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan. "I knew photography was it when I enrolled," she says now, adding that it has provided the missing link in her relationship with the world.

—Alice S. Williams



number of photographs, "the University of Missouri borrowed 100 prints for a major show, and we're going to send another 100 prints to Magill University in Toronto. One of the nice things about photography at the bank is Sam Sax's desire to have the collection seen, open to anyone who wants to look, and never charge."

In adding items to the collection, Snyder deals with estates, with individual photographers and their sons, as well as with dealers when he needs material he cannot get elsewhere. In addition to the exhibit that is up permanently, special exhibits are put up twice a year.

Snyder says he has three functions as curator: to find photographs, to conserve them, and to put together special shows for display at the bank. Privately, he has been working primarily in documentary photography. "I've just in fact finished a book—hopefully it will be a book—on the State Asylum for the Criminally Insane in Chester, Ill., about 400 miles from Chicago, which I have worked on for two years."

Top collector

When I talked recently with Arnold H. Crane, Chicago attorney and reputedly owner of the biggest private collection of photographic images in the country, he reminded me that at the time of the Sidney Strober sale at PB 84, then a division of the Parke-Bernet Galleries, held in February of 1970, he paid \$5,200 for Alexander Gardner's *Sketch Book of the War*, and later wondered, "Did I do the right thing?" But time has confirmed his judgment four times over; "the last copy," he said, "I think sold privately for \$20,000."

Crane expressed the fear that "there is going to be a dry-up of 19th century material within the next couple of years from what I understand. There isn't that much of it and I feel that the reason dealers are attempting to make such a market in 20th century material may well be that they are aware the 19th century is becoming steadily scarcer and will eventually "be unavailable." There won't be any of it to sell and I think that the really sophisticated collector at this point would do well to acquire whatever fine 19th century material is still around. I think that's where the money at this point could be well spent."

He referred to George Reinhart, with whom he has had dealings in the

collecting field for a number of years, as "one of the most intelligent people I've ever known and is certainly a knowledgeable dealer; we both agree that the 19th century is well underpriced and what they are trying to do in the 20th century area as far as I'm concerned is a matter of dealers playing the market at times. I think we'll have to wait two to four years to get better understanding of what's going to be."

He saw the need for more sophistication among collectors and that until that happens more widely than at



Arnold H. Crane,
Chicago lawyer and collector

present, "I think we're going to have pretty much a fluctuating market. There has to be a solid base."

What did he think of contemporary photography as a field to collect in?

"That's pretty dangerous. I think it's guesswork. There are few geniuses, such as Keith Smith, for example, and I believe that Garry Winogrand is very important. It's very difficult."

The name Julien Levy came up in connection with his brief 1930s episode as a dealer in photography. "Yes, he showed Man Ray, Edward Weston, some early material, and when it didn't go fast enough, he dropped it. He also had Walker Evans; I own some Evans prints with the name Julien Levy Gallery marked on the back." Crane added that he intends to do a book on collecting.

Crane's letter to the editor of *The New York Times* recommending, in rather emotional rhetoric, that one should buy only vintage prints (prints made at the time the photograph was taken) caused protests because vintage prints cost much more than so-called "modern" prints made later either by the photographer or by someone else, and are not always available, especially at reasonable prices.

He is reputed to have a collection variously estimated as running into six to seven figures and owns some of the most desirable photographs and books in existence. He is also said to keep all

his photographic possessions in individual locked drawers in a bank vault.

Sam Wagstaff, prince

Coming from the art field, where he was at one time director of the Detroit Institute of Arts, at another time curator at the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford, Sam Wagstaff during the past three years has plunged himself completely into the realm of photographic images. He can get as much pleasure from a photographic reproduction in a newspaper as from a rare photograph—sometimes even more. He visits the exhibitions, buys from individual photographers as well as through dealers, collects a great variety of things, much of which he hopes some day to put up as exhibitions and send around to museums. He collects what he likes, not what he "should" have.

Sam came into prominence when he made a successful bid at a British auction of the equivalent of \$125,000 for the personal album Julia Margaret Cameron presented to Sir John Herschel. The English hated to see the album go out of the country and began collecting a fund to "buy" Wagstaff off. They raised the money and the album stayed; it is now at the National Portrait Gallery in London.

He began collecting, he says, by buying photographic post cards and



Sam Wagstaff,
"outstanding, active collector"

tearing out photo reproductions in newspapers, "things that intrigued me one way or another," but he relies mainly on dealers to supply him with interesting items to collect.

"The problem with collecting in photography," he says, "is that it's all at the top of the pyramid and the pyramid doesn't have as wide a base as it should have. I think there should be good photographs that people can buy, both old and new, for \$100. But they've really gotten beyond that now. Even young photographers charge \$250; some a great deal more."

He deplores the fact that photographers today lack a sense of the history of the medium, unlike artists who have a fairly complete knowledge of art history. He loves picture postcards: "It's the taste of a period that isn't picked up by art, left by art as kitsch or as too popular somehow, and it's part of that period and it appears in postcards."

Suggesting postcards as a real opportunity for modest collectors, he says "The surrealists all collected postcards. If you did nothing but collect photographic postcards, you could accumulate a fascinating assortment. Postcards relate to common taste; that is, something that is shared by an enormous number of people." And, he added, postcards are cheap.

Comment about Wagstaff around town is always favorable. "As a client," says Marge Neikrug, dealer, "Sam Wagstaff is very special. He has quite an emotional response to whatever he's interested in, and I think he has pretty good taste."

Pearl Korn, another dealer, also had a good word for him both as a collector and as a person. "Sam Wagstaff has a terrific sense of history, and the guy loves the stuff he buys, delighting even in a 50-cent item that happens to please him. It has nothing to do with his money. In the three years he has been collecting, what the man has learned is unbelievable. He has one of the real ingredients of the true collector; a very intuitive, eclectic esthetic sense. A lot of dealers and collectors don't have it. They read labels, they read names, but have no standards of their own; people are insecure about their tastes, but when they see it hanging, they are reassured."

Two-man team

Among the chosen few who Rinhart consents to deal with are a two-man team of enthusiasts in their late 20s—Harvey S. Shipley Miller, 27, formerly a lawyer, now curator of the museum collections at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, and J. Randall Plummer, 29, general manager and part owner of a gasket manufacturing company in Ambler, Pa. I had met them briefly two years ago at the Soho Photo Gallery in New York at the start of their collecting career, just after they had made their first big splurge—\$5,000 for Talbot's "The Pencil of Nature"—from George Rinhart.

By the time I saw them again, two years later by chance at the Marlborough Gallery, they had become seasoned veterans of collecting, and

had "put a lot of money and time into it," they told me, "not necessarily the most representative work but work of high aesthetic quality; we want to collect as deeply as possible into major figures." They had purchased at Marlborough an atypical misty landscape by Albert Renger-Patzsch, and were ecstatic. They knew Sam Wagstaff, who had begun collecting about a year earlier, and were in fact near neighbors, exchanging visits from time to time to gloat over each other's newest acquisitions.

Those of the young partners now include Margaret Cameron's portrait of Sir John Herschel (from Robert Schoelkopf), a set of *Camera Work*, which they bought from Rinhart for \$22,000; "one of the finest copies" of Gardner's *Sketch Book of the War* for \$20,000 (they believe it was the copy for which Arnold Crane paid \$5,200 at the Parke-Bernet auction in 1970).

"Without a good dealer like George Rinhart, who handles really top-quality merchandise, and others like him—there are many fine, reputable dealers—I think our collection wouldn't have grown as quickly and we wouldn't have been stimulated to make purchases" although they say they do buy some things outside the dealer route.

They have about 20,000 images, Miller says, "if you include the cartes-de-visite and some of the other things. Among these are pictures that document" areas associated historically with pictures in their collection.

"You're not typical of the guys who have average earning power. You probably make more money than most young men your age, or you couldn't afford such purchases," I said. Miller: "I have a little money and there's a trust fund . . ." and Plummer does "pretty well" in his business, although "sometimes I wonder how it's all going to end up 10 years from now; I think we have spent about three times our income."

What's their advice to young collectors, or would-be collectors not situated so fortunately?

"I think they could do what we're doing with less money but with the same kind of intensity," Miller advised, "and still have a really lovely collection." How? "Don't look for names, only for pictures you like, and don't worry about such things as, is it original, is it a vintage print, that sort of thing. We have bought things at flea markets and other places for as little as \$10 and \$15."

Nina Rosenwald who has been

collecting photographs for some years, bristles at the term "collector." The idea is not to accumulate, she says: "That's why I say I'm not a collector. When I buy the work of a particular photographer it's because his images blow my mind. Let others find their own photographer who they think is sensational and whose pictures are going at a reasonable price. I don't mention names when discussing the prints I buy because then I'd be manipulating the market."

Rosenwald has many artistic interests and equates music, literature, and other arts with photography on the level of sensibility. They're all the same language, the language of beauty, she says, only the "dialects" are different. A lot of it is promotional gimmickry. "I don't call it collecting. You gulp up Shakespeare, you gulp up Dostoevsky, you go to museums, you look at antiquities."

Was she gulping photography now?

"I've always been gulping photography, ever since I became a photojournalist."

She's collected quite a bit now, under 100 items, anybody who is great in the 19th and 20th centuries.

As to prices, whatever it sells for, it's worth that to the one who pays it. "If you love it enough, you'll pay. I buy what I like; if it goes up, it only makes me feel good. I buy in different galleries; one gallery has a tremendous stock of X, another has a stock of Y, some have exclusivity, so when you want somebody you go to a gallery that's handling him."

Does she mind if a photographer has his prints made by somebody else, or does she simply love the image and not care who makes the print?

"I care about the whole integrity of the print. If a photographer has never printed his own work, like Lartigue or Cartier-Bresson, then you have no choice. Fine photographs are tremendous experiences you can have for very little."

She buys from seven or eight different galleries. "I tell them the kinds of things I'm interested in and if something comes in they let me know." She explained that she has a good income from industrial investments in Ametek and Mangood, expanding businesses, spending most of her earnings from these sources in philanthropic activities, and "what is left goes into photographs."

Plant a seed, grow a collector

Still thinking in this vein, I asked Marjorie Neikrug, who started her gallery in 1970, first specializing in color prints

and later, as the demand was minimal, going to black-and-white for most of her offerings, what she was doing for youngsters to help them get the feel of collecting.

"I have a bin for low-cost prints that kids come in and buy for \$5 or even a dollar, and I have sold as much as \$60 worth over a period of time to some kids—stereo cards, cabinet cards, cartes-de-visite. Some of these youngsters may be tomorrow's collectors."

Later, I asked a similar question of



Robert Schoelkopf, gallery owner, New York

Robert Schoelkopf, originally a dealer in art, with some involvement in photography, who a year and a half ago, in response to a growing demand for photographs, opened a second floor gallery devoted solely to photography while continuing the original upper floor as an art gallery.

"We have bins downstairs with prints for sale at \$10, \$15, \$35, \$50, and \$75 and every day we sell something out of these bins. As shipments of photographs arrive, we find lots of things that we don't think too much of and put these aside for the low-cost bins. We end up with things that are less valuable than prints that we sell for more money and wrap them up in plastic and leave them in the bins. People like the idea."

However, for the general run of photographs for collectors, most galleries make time-payment arrangements, allowing clients to pay for work in installments at convenient intervals. "It kind of steamrolls; as soon as they've paid for one photograph they buy another one, very often one that's even more expensive. I withhold the print until it's paid for. I have clients buying as much as \$2,000 worth of photographs and paying off in easy stages, like \$250 a month; sometimes, it may take as much as a year to pay off the debt, at the end of which time some are ready to start the cycle all over again with another purchase on the same plan. Carl Siembab in Boston and Witkin in

New York follow the same pattern. Schoelkopf, on the other hand, handles little on-time selling although there's a lot of this in selling paintings.

"We haven't had much time purchases in photography, happily; I mean, that's because the unit price is small, and people don't ask us to. In selling paintings, however, we do a lot of business this way, as the payments idea is practical where a sale may run to \$5,000 or more, and we arrange for payments monthly or something."

At this level, the time payment plan makes sense in photography, too, Schoelkopf says. For example, a collector who has been buying paintings and knows what his income will be over a period of time and suddenly decides he wants to buy a lot of photography at one time, buying a batch of photographs for \$5,000 could be the equivalent money-wise of buying a single painting worth \$5,000.

In the era of rising prices, the collector who buys a lot at one time and pays for it over a period of months could come out ahead. If the dealer balks, one can instead borrow the money from a bank, just as one might for any investment.

In this connection, Neikrug believes that some collectors are buying prints because it's a hedge against inflation.

"Someone called me who has bought here before and said, 'I want to buy a picture for investment; I'll go into the thousands for that, but I also want to buy pictures that I like; it's really not the same thing.' So instead of investing in the stock market or real estate or



Marjorie Neikrug, gallery owner, New York

paintings, they are now coming to photography."

From art selling to photography

Neikrug, who sold art before she turned to photography, says that "people can't afford paintings the way they used to, although there's still money around, very big money, for paintings. People still call me when they need certain paintings, like the other day

I had a call from California asking me to find them a Jackson Pollock. When this happens to me, I call one or two art dealers and refer the matter to them. I have some people I used to sell paintings to who are now buying photographs and hanging them with their paintings."

Schoelkopf believes that the current interest in photography on the part of galleries such as Marlborough, Janis, Sonnabend, and Castelli, stems from the fact that they are "significantly big dealers in pop art" and the use of photography "in those things may have led them to the appreciation of photography. People who have a taste for pop art would respond to photography. My feeling is that pop art is pretty much garbage. It's of no interest to me. I show realist painters of traditional subject matter but they do not paint from photographs. I sensed in Janis and Marlborough the excitement of an entrepreneur who sees in photography a chance to make some more money. They obviously are not selling paintings the way they used to. I think that's clearly what it's all about. The big boys now see that photography may be worth money to them. Maybe they weren't interested when Walker Evans was selling for \$100, that's for sure, but they may be interested when Walker Evans is selling for \$1,000. Some of these people are printing portfolios. Obviously, photography lends itself to that. I think we're going to see more production of portfolios, posthumously and by living photographers. It's an easy way for people to get a bunch of prints, particularly for beginners who may not trust their own taste and tend to favor the familiar image. You always want to buy a photograph that's in the Gernsheim or Beaumont Newhall books, and they'll pay five times as much for that print as they will for a better but unknown print by the same photographer."

A retired museum curator recalls

A. Hyatt Mayor, who retired in 1966 as curator of prints and drawings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and is now curator emeritus of that institution, recalled in a recent interview that what's happening to photographs today is what happened earlier to prints, traditionally the poor man's art. The contemporary print became so high priced that the man in the middle income bracket could no longer afford them.

"And this is what has suddenly

happened in photography, and it's too bad."

I asked Mayor whether he had any historical precedent for today's activity in the photographic market. How far back have dealers been selling photographs on the same level as other arts?

When Mayor came to the museum in 1932, he said, he dealt with E. T. Goldschmidt, who handled 16th century illustrated books, and with his partner, a man named Weil, who was at the photographic end of the business.

"They were already going strong shortly after that and from them we bought, oh, 400 or 500 D. O. Hills, along with Fox Talbots, etc. William Ivins, then the curator, was very indulgent to me in those days and so he let me order all those things I thought were interesting. My first purchase for the museum was a lot of 600 Brady photographs, which we got for a dime a piece for the big ones, a nickel for the little ones.

"These were what were known as Brady photographs of Civil War scenes, not portraits. They were photographs that Congress had hired Brady to make after he went broke, and all of them belonged to the Government."

I reminded Mayor of the delightful story he told me a few years ago about the museum sending a man to London to buy some items for the collection. Almost as an afterthought, the museum gave him \$150 to buy as many Camerons as that sum would fetch. The man came back with 150!

In 1965 or 1966, the year Mayor retired, he paid \$60 for "a great big Cameron portrait of Alice Liddel and I thought I was being very brave."

He remembers buying an album from Goldschmidt and Weil that Fox Talbot had made in 1839. They were carefully preserved in a red morocco scrapbook along with two letters from Fox Talbot, "and we got that for very little, it could have been \$150. Today that item would be practically priceless, I suppose.

He mentioned the facsimile edition of Talbot's "The Pencil of Nature" that Beaumont Newhall had worked on and which was printed in Japan for the DaCapo Press in New York. "He very carefully chose the best preserved of the original images, and I guess for the poor man in the field the facsimile is what he can afford. Besides, facsimiles often give the authentic impression very accurately."

He knows Wagstaff and recalled that "his father had a very great collection of books on angling and sports, which I think he bequeathed to Yale, and so

Wagstaff was brought up with very good prints and books all over the house. The love of photographs is in his blood."

What was the greatest single acquisition that came into the museum's photographic collection?

"The Southworth and Hawes daguerreotypes, which were given by I. N. P. Stokes. He also owned a wonderful lot of D. O. Hills which he kept in an envelope, and when he died someone who thought they were cuttings from the old rotogravure sections of *The New York Times* threw them in the fire, I suppose. I had tried to persuade him to give them to the museum but he didn't, and so they vanished; they were the most beautiful, the most marvelously preserved D.O. Hills I had ever seen anywhere. Stokes must have died in the mid-1940s. He started as an architect designing good housing for the poor, and a hotel for women that still exists in New York, I forget where. Also, he was one of the first architects to design low-cost housing. He was very rich."

Mayor continues to be active in photography. Besides making up the museum's engagement calendars, "which are quite elaborate," he works "at various things," including his book on *Prints and People*, published originally at \$30 in hard cover. With the second printing exhausted, a new edition is on the way, priced at \$10. "Photography plays a part in the total work," which he preferred to having a work of only photographs. "I like to mix them up with other things, all images showing the eye of the time looking at the world. I'm always looking over the fence into somebody else's backyard."

THE symposium

The subject of collecting photographs, probably today's most discussed activity in photography, was approached from several directions at the symposium on "Collecting the Photograph" held last September 20 under *Art in America* auspices.

The meeting opened with a statement by Eugenia Parry Janis, assistant professor of art, Wellesley College, moderator, that "we didn't invent photo collecting in this country," the Europeans did in the 1930s, and that had it not been for the industry of the early collectors in salvaging and rescuing, "there would be very little 19th century photography to collect."

Weston Naef, assistant curator in the Department of Prints and Photographs at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in a talk that made the transition from the

collection and handling of such traditional media as etchings, engravings, and lithography to the "new" discipline of photography, discussed, with many slide illustrations, how similar "ideas of connoisseurship" could be reapplied in photography. Since "the photographs made today may become the old master prints of tomorrow," the importance of understanding the principles of proper care and preservation was obviously to be recognized.

Nathan Lyons, director, Visual Studies Workshop, Rochester, traced the history of American photographic galleries and museums over the past 20 years, the period during which, he said, the most progress had been made. He gave photographers principal credit for saving the history of photography, noted the rapid growth of commercial galleries and collectors, nationally and internationally, and declared that "if we are to experience and relate to this rapid growth we will have to begin to reinforce some of the supporting services within the field." Citing what he called "a rather undernourished climate in the area of theoretical and critical activity," he said he saw promising signs ahead but that "time will be needed to sort out the complex growing pains."

He described the role of the Visual Studies Workshop in working toward this end through its research center: "to collect, investigate, and trace man's attempts to express himself visually."

John Bullard, director, the New Orleans Museum of Art, had \$150,000 to spend on photography early in 1973 to start the museum's first photography collection. It was too late to begin with old masters and 19th century prints; everything seemed to double and triple in price. "So we looked around in New Orleans to see what was available there—photographers who had lived there or who had passed through. I had tremendous support from the trustees. We now have a collection of about 2,000 images purchased for \$250,000 over the three-year period; we hired a curator last year, and are printing a history of photography. We're planning to do a major exhibition next year, a history of photography drawn from our own collection. There will be about 500 prints in the show and it will give us an opportunity to publish a catalog of the entire collection to show where we've gone in three and one-half years.

Peter Bunnell, director, The Art Museum, at Princeton University, opened by saying "the days are over



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Harry Lunn, remarking that "we are in a field where the rules have not yet been set," said that when he took on photography for the first time, with an Ansel Adams portfolio in 1971, he began to "do his home work" and bone up on the field with the classics—Newhall, Gernsheim, etc." Along with the study of aesthetic movements, I also became fascinated with the trends in commercial presentations of photographs to the public, etc." Answering his own questions on who is collecting this material, he found several fairly defined categories: amateur photographers who collect work that has personal meaning to them; commercial offices; collectors from other art fields who have turned to photography as well; museum collectors who have added photography, partly because other fields have become so expensive. Rarities are going to become even more pronounced. "Looking ahead, I see a couple of trends; we are entering the post-Gernsheim, post-Newhall era. I'm expecting people to collect in specialized fields, artists in their fields, fashion photography, the field of major living photographers, and in the next few years there will be a number of national and international art operations, the most notable of recent ones are of course the Marlborough and Castelli galleries."

Sam Wagstaff, private collector, got into collecting, he said, after seeing the Painterly Photography show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and saw the work of a number of people whose names he had never heard of before who at the turn of the century were making these incredible images . . . I try to select on the aesthetic side of photography . . . Essentially, what I'm looking for is quality. And now I'm attempting to organize some exhibitions

from my own collection as travel shows in 1977."

John Szarkowski, director, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art, had some counsel for starting new museum collections. "Start with the best pictures it can find, not only because they are fine but because they set a standard of seriousness. But the best does not mean the most famous or the most predictable. The process of discovery in photography is by no means over. . . . The function of a new museum collection is not to produce inferior imitations of old museum collections, but to make an interesting, knowledgeable, coherent series of new mistakes. When so much that is so excellent and so exciting and that will be so easily lost still is very close at hand and readily available."

Coleman on the symposium

Referring to the proceedings as "a blatant rip-off"—especially at \$50 a ticket, critic A. D. Coleman, writing in the January issue of *Camera 35*, assessed last September's *Art in America* symposium as having on the whole shortchanged its audience by giving undue emphasis to the money aspects of collecting and little more than token recognition to the larger issues of the subject that dominates today's photographic activity so heavily.

Aside from the inept handling of even the techniques of presentation, he found that because of the overlong duration of the individual talks, "infuriatingly" little time was left at the end for vital questions from the audience, such as Coleman's own teaser as to whether there was anything to the rumors of irregularities, such as "price fixing and cartels among dealers," and other strong challenges from the floor. Even many of the questions that did get through, he said, were "not only unacknowledged and unanswered, but were avoided by the panelists."

As for the talks themselves, he reports that Nathan Lyons was refreshing in talking "about collecting without the acquisitive instinct being implicit in the concept"; John Bullard "an enthusiastic and engaging speaker who roused the audience somewhat from the lethargy (stupefaction would be even more accurate) into which it had sunk"; Peter Bunnell's thoughts on centralizing a university's photographic collection in the interests of preservation, and proposing as "a real challenge to a museum director . . . to

start a collection dating from 1946 onward—postwar photography." For me, the latter was in fact the most healthful suggestion of any I heard during the interviewing for my *POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY* article on collecting. Namely, to encourage the collection of contemporary photography both because it gives recognition and status to the young and gifted photographers of today and because these photographs are most readily available and cheaper than material ordinarily regarded as collectible.

Harry Lunn had "lots of talk about people buying photographs for lots of money" and John Szarkowski announced, Coleman reports, "that the highest and most rigorous form of curatorship was autocratic, elitist, and appropriately limited by the curator's own ideas and taste patterns, the narrower the better," a program that Coleman interpreted "as a most accurate description of Mr. Szarkowski himself."

Unaccountably, aside from noting his presence on the panel, there is no mention of Sam Wagstaff in Coleman's article. An avid collector of catholic tastes and disarming personality, Wagstaff is seen frequently at shows and previews and has given talks to appreciative audiences.

Approaching the conclusion of his critique, Coleman referred to "the long-suppressed sense of outrage and injustice the photographic community feels toward the art establishment, which has ignored photography for so many years and is now sniffing around the medium only because there's something to be had from it."

The Galleries of Yesteryear

Who could have foreseen, back there in the 1930s and through the 1960s, the phenomenal proliferation of photographic galleries that was to spread across the country, finally to be firmly established in the 1970s? The seed was planted by Alfred Stieglitz at his famous "291" gallery on Fifth Avenue and blossomed, although briefly, in Julien Levy's all-photography venture on Madison Avenue.

Aside from Stieglitz' gallery, which exhibited other art media in addition to photography, Levy was probably the

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- 11—Six page, full color folder describing the new Bell & Howell filmsonic™ super 8 sound, low-light movie cameras and three super 8 magnetic sound projectors and accessories available from BELL & HOWELL/MAMIYA CO.
- 12—8 page folder describing Bell & Howell regular and low-light super 8 movie cameras available from BELL & HOWELL/MAMIYA CO.
- 43—8 page fully illustrated brochure, provides technical data and information on the Canon Auto-Zoom 814 Electronic Super 8 movie camera. Also describes various shooting techniques and applications. CANON U.S.A. INC.

LENSES

- 13—Soligor T4 auto, fixed auto, preset and zoom lenses fully described in colorful brochure, including detailed specifications. AIC PHOTO INC.

A library of useful information is available to photographers free, thanks to the instructional literature many manufacturers offer. There are, no doubt several booklets described here that will interest you. You can circle as many choices as you wish on the coupon below. Mail directly to 35mm PHOTOGRAPHY. Your requests for literature will be forwarded to the manufacturers concerned.

- 14—New Soligor C/D "Macro & Zoom" lenses in full-color brochure, showing performance data and complete specifications. AIC PHOTO INC.
- 44—Forty-page, full color leaflet, describes each of Canon's extensive line of FD lenses. Includes chart listing technical data on each of the lenses described. CANON U.S.A. INC.

LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

- 15—Monolite X200 and X400. The New Electronic Flash System for Studio and Location, full descriptive catalog. BOGEN PHOTO CORP.
- 16—Minolta Auto Electroflash 450 and Auto Electroflash 280, brochure and price list detailing operation of these high-power, auto-exposure, electronic flash units and accessories. MINOLTA CORP.

PICTURE TAKING ACCESSORIES

- 17—Tips on tripods brochure from Soligor/Quick-Set complete with recommendations on types of tripods and benefits from usage of tripods on all types of tripods equipment. AIC PHOTO INC.
- 45—Hasselblad Automatic Diaphragm Control Units are featured in four-color folder. BRAUN NORTH AMERICA.

DARKROOM EQUIPMENT

- 18—Soligor/Jobo introduces the "darkroom source". Tanks, reels, film loaders, washers, graduates, paper safes, etc. Amateur and professional equipment for processing black and white or color films. AIC PHOTO INC.
- 19—32 page illustrated and descriptive darkroom catalog. BOGEN PHOTO CORP.
- 20—The Illumitran 3 catalog describes a major breakthrough in color slide duplications. BOGEN PHOTO CORP.
- 21—A six page folder featuring "America's finest line of Enlarging Easels for prints with borders, borderless prints and repeating easels to fit all enlargers. SAUNDERS PHOTO/GRAPHIC INC.
- 22—New 36 page brochure on enlargers, darkroom items, tripods, unipods, lighting equipment, copy stand and lights, illuminated slide copier. TESTRITE INSTRUMENTS CO.
- 23—Full color brochure and price list describe operation of the Minolta Color Enlarger System. Including filter-drawer module, dichroic filter module, color analyzer and accessory system. MINOLTA CORP.
- 24—Discover Ilford Black & White is a brochure describing the complete line of Ilford black and white films, papers, and chemistry. ILFORD INC.
- 25—Discover Ilfospeed is an indepth leaflet on the new new water-proof paper, 4 minute processing system and dryer. ILFORD INC.
- 26—Cibachrome Is Here outlines the revolutionary 3 step, 12 minute direct positive system for making color prints from slides. ILFORD INC.
- 27—Brochure on new procedure "O-Fix". Add Orbit Bath to fix. You only fix for 2 minutes instead of 10 minutes with 10-15 minutes wash you will obtain archival results. TKO CHEMICALS.
- 28—Informative Bulletin describes "automatic" (Two Bath) film development and its advantages. Step by step instructions for use. EDWAL SCIENTIFIC.
- 29—Premier Equipment Catalog lists over 70 items available for Darkroom use. PHOTO MATERIALS.

PROJECTORS, SLIDES & SCREENS

- 30—Six page folder describing different models of Bell & Howell compatible super 8 and regular 8 movie projectors available from BELL & HOWELL/MAMIYA COMPANY.

- 31—Six page folder describing the Bell & Howell Slide Cube™ cartridge system that permits the compact storage of 2x2" slides in about 1/8th the space required for bulky round trays. Describes the features of five different models of Slide Cube™ projectors and accessories available from BELL & HOWELL/MAMIYA COMPANY.

- 32—Projection Screen Selector in a colorful folder presents complete line of Da-Lite Slide and Movie Screens, shows what size screen to choose. DA-LITE SCREEN COMPANY.

- 33—Brochure describing Automatic Electric operated slide and movie projection screens, giving information on all sizes. DA-LITE SCREENS.

MISCELLANEOUS

- 34—Hahnel Super 8 and 16mm splicers and Super 8 editor brochure. AIC PHOTO, INC.
- 35—Technical booklet, printed in full color, explains Minolta's line of professional exposure meters. Includes Auto-Spot 1°, Auto-Spot 1°, TV, Flashmeter and Autometer Professional. MINOLTA CORP.
- 36—"Photography Books from Kodak" (L-3). A color booklet describing over 100 up-to-date publications on picture-taking and darkroom techniques for amateur, advanced amateur, and professional photographers. Includes prices. EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY.
- 37—Guide to Fine Photo Equipment describes Ascor electronic flash systems, Gossen exposure meters, Kowa Super 66 2 1/4" SLR system, Minox ultraminiature cameras and accessories, Omega and Chromega enlargers and processing aids, the Rapid Omega medium-format system, Rodenstock taking and enlarging lenses, Sunpak compact electronic flash units, Tamron automatic SLR lenses, and Zero-Halliburton aluminum camera cases. BERKEY MARKETING COMPANIES.
- 46—The Canon World of Close-Up and Macro Photography: A 26 page booklet detailing Canon close-up and macro equipment that also includes nuts and bolts facts on how to light, use of filters, expose and shoot. Special foldout section provides a guide to what equipment—close-up lenses, bellows, extension tubes, microscope adapters or macro lenses will do the job for various subjects. CANON U.S.A. INC.
- 47—Hasselblad offers new technical bulletin on copying techniques to produce first class reproductions of paintings, coins, postage stamps, documents and transparencies. BRAUN NORTH AMERICA.
- 48—A new Hasselblad technical bulletin on the basics of poor light photography "From Dusk to Dawn" available from BRAUN NORTH AMERICA.
- 49—Hasselblad technical bulletin on press photography illustrated and written by working professionals from all parts of the world. BRAUN NORTH AMERICA.
- 50—Hasselblad's richly illustrated booklet on wildlife photography offers examples and hints to amateurs and professionals on how to improve their picture taking. BRAUN NORTH AMERICA.
- 52—Free catalog of over 2,000 tools, supplies and materials for photo specialists, technicians and hobbyists. NATIONAL CAMERA INC.
- 53—Free color brochure describing career training in camera repair and service. NATIONAL CAMERA INC.
- 54—Literature describing technical manuals, books and camera reports available from NATIONAL CAMERA INC.
- 55—Free sample copy of bimonthly magazine for phototechnologists. NATIONAL CAMERA INC.
- 58—Write for these two helpful brochures: "The Ansa is Hansa" all about Hansa darkroom equipment and "Toshiba—The Right Light" explains their flash equipment. ELMO MANUFACTURING.

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first to open a gallery devoted entirely to the sale of original photographic prints, in 1932, and show work by photographers who have since become classics of American photography. That was long before he got into surrealist art, which became his vocation and absorbing interest, Sidney Janis of the gallery of that name recalls. Currently, Levy is writing his biography in the pleasant environment of the south of France.

Levy was showing Ansel Adams, Walker Evans, Man Ray, Edward Weston, Atg t, Cartier-Bresson, and later, Helen Levitt, among others, and charging \$25 a print, but even at this price there were hardly any takers and the venture, lasting under a year, proved a flop, Janis says; "there was no interest in photography at the time so after a few months he switched to painting, and I bought some very beautiful surrealist things. . . . Julien Levy retired in 1946, incidentally the year of Stieglitz' death, and closed his gallery after having made a big success with surrealist art." He had gotten into photography too early for his effort to last.

The first photography gallery in New York to establish itself and to attract both fine photographers and a faithful public was Helen Gee's *Limelight* at 91 Seventh Avenue South. Realistic enough to recognize that the photographic public was not yet ready to support a photography gallery, she rented a place as a coffee house and spaced off a corner in which to hang images by the best photographers she could find, walled it off, and began showing exhibits regularly. She had no trouble getting portfolios.

"I thought of the idea of *Limelight*," she recalled recently, "because I had become aware of the fact that there were no places in town for creative photographers to show pictures. Steichen was at the Museum of Modern Art and putting on a few shows a year," but of course it was extremely limited and hardly suited to the needs of a photographic community that craved a center for meeting and conversation. The coffee house, which began soon after to serve food as well, solved the problem of how to support a gallery, especially since no one was convinced that photographs could be sold in the first place. The place was opened to an instant clientele in May, 1954, and continued for the next seven years.

"I charged a commission of 20 percent as a matter of principle," Helen Gee recalls, "but sales went very poorly;

people still were not up to the idea of buying photographs as they are today. Weston was selling for \$75 a print, but the average photographer's work even then was selling for only \$25, the better known photographers \$50, Gene Smith \$50 to \$100. The most expensive photograph I had was a small one by Paul Strand at \$125."

About a year after *Limelight* opened, Anne DeCarava set up a gallery on the west side of town, in her home. It was called *A Photographer's Gallery*, drew a regular following, but lasted only a year.

Gallery 100, a photography and art center in Princeton, N.J., was announced by Sol Libsohn in September, 1960. It was the latest and most ambitious step in the movement to promote the sale of photographs as works of art. Financed by John C. Borden, Jr., Princeton businessman and photographer, it occupied converted bakery shop space measuring 120 by 20 feet. Said Libsohn, its director, "we will try to sell photographs as works of art, something people can hang on their walls. Photographic shows will alternate with exhibits of paintings, and both will be on the highest level." It didn't last.

A little earlier, Norbert Kleber opened the *Underground Gallery* at 51 E. 10th Street in a passageway, long and narrow, that led from the street to a huge room and kitchen at the back, which was Norbert's home and general activity center. He made his living servicing photographic equipment. The *Underground* saw the debut of Duane Michals, John Yang, whom apparently nobody remembers but who was one of the finest talents introduced by the *Underground*, work by Ralph Weiss, and others both known and unknown for whom the *Underground* walls were a haven in a gallery-starved town. Following a short "new life" in a more uptown location, this gallery, too, has passed into memory.

A Photographer's Place, a corner spot run as a cooperative by a group of Philadelphia photographers, opened October, 1962 in the Kenmore Galleries, a Philadelphia gallery, and existed uncertainly for a while. The group paid no rent, selected and hung its own shows, but sales commissions were retained by the art gallery as compensation for the use of the space. The arrangement was a combination of the gallery owner's appreciation of photography as an art and the hope that the section might draw customers for paintings as well as for photographs. The opening show included such top

material as work by Ansel Adams, Harry Callahan, Robert Frank, Walter Rosenblum, and Paul Strand, with prices ranging from \$35 to \$75 except for Strand's which was as I recall \$500 for a small print. Later shows included Stieglitz, Atg t, Genthe, Paul Caponigro, John Vachon, and David Vestal.

A framing shop at 48 Hicks Street in Brooklyn Heights had a successful career for a time as a photographic gallery called, appropriately, *The 48 Hicks Street Gallery*, and showing images intended to have appeal for painters, the shop's principal customers.

The *Image Gallery* on E. 10th Street, which was run precariously by Larry Siegel, currently the director of *The Midtown Y Gallery* on E. 14th Street, had shows by Garry Winogrand, Charles Pratt, and other talented photographers.

On Lexington Avenue, the Association of *Heliographers*, whose membership included Paul Caponigro, Walter Chappell, Scott Hyde, Dorothea Kehaya, Arthur Kramer, Syl Labrot and others got off to a promising start and seemed to be doing well until internal friction unfortunately killed a good idea.

Operating in the mid-1960s in a small gallery, *Gallery 16*, with a space in back for sleeping quarters, at 216 E. 75th Street, David C. Kelly, who made his living in public relations, showed tastefully selected exhibitions that attracted discriminating audiences, and put low prices on pictures, such as those by John Brook of Boston, because of his conviction that modest prices would encourage people to buy photographs. His prices ranged from \$10 for unlimited editions to from about \$20 to \$50 for prints in limited editions. Apparently not enough people were persuaded even by this appeal, for after a relatively short career Kelly closed the shop.

An unusual gallery on E. 78th Street run by Mrs. Joyce P. Schwartz, an art amateur, was used as an adjunct to Architectural Furniture, Inc., a custom furniture manufacturing company, to demonstrate how fine photographs fit into the decor of home and office. In her case, she was too successful. The owners felt photography was doing more business than the shop, and the two parted company. Pete Turner was one of a number of top photographers to show their work in this setting.

The advent of the *Witkin Gallery* on E. 60th Street in 1969 began inauspiciously, but grew steadily, inspiring followers in the city and across the country, as can be seen in the accompanying text.



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For it keeps your eye at the finder and on the subject. Your vision concentrated on what the photograph should be. The combination is so comfortable, so perfectly balanced that you can keep it at your eye through a whole roll. Then the motor will rewind the film for you (and even leave the tongue out for automatic processing if you have the optional MF-3 back). And you also have the option of motor-driven sequences at up to five frames per second. And remote photography for anything from shy animals to space blastoffs.

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of the system transforms it from an accessory to an integral part of the camera. With the motor drive, for example, the camera continues to be beautifully balanced, just as comfortable as without it. And it functions without wires or separate packs. It sits securely on a flat surface. That these things are not true of others is proof of the value of experience: Nikon perfected motor drive way back in 1957.

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